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THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON



By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.
Author of the "Dictionary of the English Language,"
"The Lives of the English Poets," &c.
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

SHIPWRECK,

OFF LONG ISLAND, NEAR NEW YORK.



“ Here we hung from Friday night till Saturday afternoon; clinging to the ropes and rigging, when a ship hove in sight!”—P. 68.

“ Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Come with us mariners and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.”

WATTS.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS EUSTACE.

Shipwrecked 18 Jan'y 1819.



BY A CLERGYMAN.

LONDON:

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1820.

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[From *The Times* Newspaper.]

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE FROM
SHIPWRECK.

In the year 1809, on the 18th of January, the American merchant-vessel, the *Trial*, was wrecked off Long Island, on the coast of North America, when all the crew perished, except three, who hung to the ropes and rigging, for seventeen hours, in a cold, frosty night, when they were rescued from their perilous situation by a vessel, which came by, and conveyed them to New York, where their limbs were amputated, and they all recovered. One of them was formerly a British tar, Thomas Eustace, a native of Chinnor, a village in Oxfordshire, near Thame. Having been fetched from Liverpool to Warrington, by a Clergyman, he was sent safe home to his friends. He has since married, and has two children. Last year he was entrusted with the management of the Workhouse at Amersham, Bucks, till a proper master was appointed. He now lives at Woodrow, near Amersham. All his fingers are amputated, and both his legs below the knee.—*Times*, March 16, 1820.

THOMAS EUSTACE'S ADVENTURES are just published, by *Hatchard*, Piccadilly; *Seeley*, Fleet-street; *Westley*, and *Marshal*, Stationers'-court; and *Wilson*, Royal Exchange; and may be had of all Booksellers, adorned with Copper-plates of himself and of his Shipwreck, and with Wood-cuts, price 5s.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THOMAS TYRWHITT DRAKE, Esq., M.P.

FOR AMERSHAM.

SIR,

I AM fully sensible that no work more needs the Patronage of a Gentleman of your local rank and influence than this little Narrative, which I have the honour, by your permission, Sir, to dedicate to you. The value of your support is evident, whether we consider the necessities of Thomas Eustace and his Family, or the imperfections of the composition, which render the account of

events, surprising in themselves, less interesting than they might have been, if described by an abler pen. Your Patronage is only one of those acts of benevolence for which your name is distinguished; and I am persuaded many will be induced to countenance a Work to which the Member for Amersham has given the sanction of his name. I beg to acknowledge the personal honour which you have shewn me, by so readily acceding to my request to dedicate the Work to yourself, and I hope you will not find cause to regret the favour you have conferred in the perusal of it. If the Narrative should attract little attention by its *merit*, I trust it will be considered *well meant*, as to its object and tendency. And as it professes to relate only what the Author believes to be true, as his remarks are designed to promote the love of virtue and religion—of attachment to our ancient and unequalled Constitution and of respect for the Laws—as he aims to instil a disposition of obedience to superiors in the domestice circle

and in all the relations of social life, and to diffuse a spirit of subordination in these days of licentious usurpation—and as he desires to promote contentment in the station in which Providence has placed us, in the hope of attaining, through patience and well-doing, to honour, glory, and immortality, in a world to come, I trust the Work will share a portion of your approbation and that of your Friends, which will impart much pleasure to

SIR,

Your most obedient and

Obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

January 1, 1820.

PREFACE.

THE Compiler of the following Narrative being well acquainted with the Family of Thomas Eustace, and having been instrumental to his return to his Friends, is persuaded of the truth and authenticity of the circumstances related, which he took down in shorthand from the lips of the Narrator. To render it more interesting he has allowed Thomas to relate his own tale, and, in many parts, in his own way. He thinks the account may be read with interest, and he hopes with profit.

He will rejoice if the Narrative should impress young persons with a conviction that danger and misery are likely to result from disobedience to parental authority, that evils

and calamities of no common kind attend a wandering life, and that nothing will so much contribute to their prosperity and happiness as industry and contentment in the station in which it has pleased God to place them.

The young long for independence, especially in this age of insubordination; and what miseries are they brought into by attempting it! It is of great importance to persuade our youth that modesty, docility, a reverence to superiors, and to Parents especially, are virtues which peculiarly belong to youth, which are its best ornaments, and the surest safeguards against the evils of inexperience.

The present loose state of society, owing to the ravages of atheism and infidelity, loudly call upon those in authority to instruct and guard the rising generation. It was much owing to the Christian principles instilled by education, that Thomas Eustace was

preserved from the profaneness and atrocities of which most of his companions were guilty.

The Narrative of his Adventures and Providential Deliverances will tend, I trust, to impress the Reader with a sense of the Providence of God, with a reverence of his name, and with the value of morality and piety, as laying the firmest foundation of peace, respectability, and happiness in this world, and of glory and honour in the world to come.

Every effort made in the present day to induce young persons to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to guard against the snares and temptations of the world, should be welcomed. If Christian sentiments be but thinly scattered amongst a volume of facts, yet if the general bearing be to give a favourable impression of Christianity, to denounce infidelity, and to excite an abhorrence of sin, the effort will be of use.

Infidelity has lately poured in upon us like a flood. The enemy has come up upon our walls—he has climbed our battlements—he has been attacking the very citadel of truth. We ought to awake to a sense of our danger. Who is on the Lord's side? Let him stand forth; and though his arm be feeble, yet, if it be firm, he may hurl down the enemy, and help to deliver our Zion.

The account of the life and last hours of this arch-atheist, Thomas Paine, whose death happened at New York at the time Thomas Eustace lay there under the amputation of his limbs, may be interesting at this period, when Paine's blasphemies have been revived, and his bones are brought across the Atlantic Ocean, to attract the wild admiration of his deluded followers. That infidelity and anarchy may speedily and for ever flee before the rising beams of Christian truth and the growing piety of our youth and our countrymen is the earnest wish and prayer of the Author.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS EUSTACE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth at Chinnor—School—Hair-breadth Escape—Apprenticeship at Amersham—Remarks on Masters and Apprentices—Runs away to London—Enters the Ship Colbury—Compunction at Sea—Storms—St. Thomas' Island—Culture of Land by Teams of Slaves—Savage Treatment of them.

I WAS born in the year 1784, at Chinnor,* a small village in Oxfordshire, and am the second son of Thomas and Catharine Eustace. My father occupied a snug little farm, his own

* Chinnor, the birth-place of Thomas Eustace, the subject of the above narrative, is a village in Oxfordshire, situated at the north-western foot of the long range of Chiltern Hills, di-

property, and also kept a village school, in which I was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

I grew up a sprightly, careless lad, and at about the age of 10 years, when playing about near the Chinnor windmill, one of the sails struck me across my temples, and inflicted a wound, the scar of which now remains. Had the blow pierced but a few hair-breadths deeper, according to the Doctor's opinion of the wound, there would have been no opportunity for the events which are to fill up this

viding the county of Bucks, and stretching across the county from Bedfordshire to Oxfordshire, forming a part of that great chain which extends from Norfolk to Dorsetshire.

The village of Chinnor, the birth-place of Thomas Eustace, I may be allowed to praise, for its beautiful site, although myself a native of the rich Vale below it. Chinnor Hill, crowned with beachen woods, shelters it on the south. This beautiful Hill commands in front an extensive view of the Vale of Aylesbury, stretching before it to the north and east. Here, in an expanse of twenty miles, to the right and left, and twelve in front, I have seen in a summer's day a clear prospect, undefaced by a single column of smoke, since not a factory nor limekiln disturbs the noiseless serenity, or defaces the clear atmosphere of this truly agricultural Vale—this real Arcadia. From Stoken Church Hill, which is about two miles further west, the traveller from London to Oxford may himself enjoy the same prospect.

book. But this early escape from imminent danger was the commencement of a long train of disasters, and, I must gratefully add, of providential deliverances, which have marked my life for 30 years, and the thankful remembrance of which will, I trust, compel me to devote the remainder of my days to a course of pious obedience and contentment.

In 1799 I was bound apprentice to Mr. William Cox, a wheelwright, of Amersham, in Buckinghamshire. I think I behaved, for some time, pretty well in my master's house and at his business; but, like other neglected youths, too much avoided church and chapel. My father, hearing of my conduct, wrote in very severe terms to my master, complaining of his neglect and breach of trust and duty, which induced him to become more strict with me; but as I did not like the change in his conduct, and preferred liberty to severity, I determined to run away!

I may here suggest that masters should be strict with their apprentices at first; for it is difficult, after yielding to them on the first acquaintance, to bring them into order by any sudden severity. Restraint, though unpleasant at first, would have been of great use to me,

and I might soon have found the yoke easy, and never attempted to break it ; and though I lay the blame principally on myself, yet, had I been properly governed from the first, I might never have run away, and, in consequence, never have encountered all the hardships and unhappiness which have since signalized my life, and made me, at this moment, an object of pity and charity, and sometimes, I fear, of disgust. But let me not repine ; my calamities have been lighter punishments than my follies and sins have deserved. A gracious Providence has preserved me through all ; and my friends have kindly welcomed home the returning prodigal, and put me in the way of gaining a respectable support. I pray that these temporal misfortunes may be over-ruled to my preservation from greater spiritual evils, and that I may even find cause to be thankful for them, as blessings in disguise !

Having, then, determined to quit my master, I set out from Amersham with one single guinea in my pocket, which my Father had given me for a very different purpose,—to pay for my washing. London, that place of attraction for so many adventurers, was strange to me ; but I soon found my way to the Thames-side, and

applying to some sailors for information as to what steps I should take to become a sailor on board a merchant-vessel, they advised me to go to a coffee-house in the City, to which they directed me, where I might meet with some captains. Thither I repaired accordingly, and, finding several gentlemen in that line, I inquired if any of them wanted a cabin-boy. Several of them were soon ready to bespeak my services ; indeed, they all seemed inclined to engage me, but Captain Dollings declared, that as he had made the first proposal, he had the best claim, and would not yield his right. Soon afterwards I went with him on board the Colbury, a merchantman, bound for the West Indies. For about two days I was pleased enough with my new situation, yet now and then I felt a sense of remorse for deserting my friends.

But no sooner was the ship at sea, on the wide ocean, than my heart quite sunk within me ; and, as is the case, I suppose, with other runaway boys, I began to be very sorry. A storm overtook us, and the sea-sickness harassed and frightened me. Then I would have given all the world to have been at home again ; but now it was too late, the ship was fast sail-

ing, the wind rising, and, as we approached St. Thomas's, the storm had tossed the sea into mountainous billows, which appeared to me as high as Chinnor Hills.

“ The mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.”

Sometimes we appeared to be thrown up to heaven upon the lofty wave, and then again to sink into the deep as into a pit. I was “ *at my wits' end*,” and my soul almost “ *melted away with fear and trouble*.” Ah! what would I have given to have been standing on firm land, in Mr. Cox's shop, at Amersham, hammering at his wheels and waggons! My wishes were all in vain; for the storm must be weathered: but at length we were safely brought through into a quiet haven at St. Thomas's, where I was glad once more to jump on firm land, and assist in collecting fresh provisions and vegetables, and rolling casks of fresh water to the ship.

After lying at anchor twenty-four hours, we got under weigh, and steered for Jamaica. We had a tolerably quick passage: we reached it in safety in about six weeks, without any other

occurrence deserving record. We anchored in Negro Bay, and continued there six weeks. Here I was distressed to see human beings bought and sold, and the purchasers handling and examining them, like cattle! Some planters have a very large number of slaves. I saw on Mr. Fletcher's estate five hundred slaves, male and female, working together in the fields. Many of the women had their children tied at their backs, while they were at work. The negroes had no clothing, except a cloth round the waist. They worked in companies of about twenty, each company governed by a driver, with a whip, who appeared to manage them like a team of horses. Every one had a hoe, with which he furrowed up the ground, as he stepped along, and if any of them did not keep pace with the rest, the driver snapped his whip at them as unfeelingly as a waggoner drives on his lagging horses in England. The nature of the soil will not allow them to work oxen here, the ground being so uneven and steep that the oxen would often be in danger of falling headlong down the precipices. The condition of the slaves must have been very hard; for I understood that if a slave struck a white man, he was liable to lose his right-hand,

and that his master had the power of punishing him severely, without being called to account; and it was at that time said, that if a slave even lost his life under the lash, the matter was not strictly inquired into. The punishment of the slave is very arbitrary, severe, and cruel. Whatever falsehood is sworn to by a white man against him is taken as evidence; but the poor black is never admitted to bear testimony in his own behalf or for another. Compulsion and the lash are the only stimulus to labour. The overseer may flog him at discretion; and any white man may insult a black with impunity. Monday is always a general flogging day for them, when they are brought down to the beach to undergo the punishment of their offences. They give them what they term Moses' law; that is, thirty-nine lashes. The whip used is about ten feet from the handle to the point of the lash: the lash is three feet. I have been shocked to hear their screams to their pitiless masters for mercy. The manner of inflicting the punishment is this:—other slaves throw the poor culprits on their faces, men and women, without distinction, and, stripping off the cloth from round their waist, they apply

the whip in the most fleshy part. Hence, however severely a slave has been flogged, there seldom appear any wounds in sight ; and thus many Europeans are deceived by appearances. Some say it is all a tale about flogging the negroes so severely, because they do not see them at work with ghastly wounds. As a slave, however, is as valuable to a planter as a good beast is to his owner, many planters take as much care of them as any good farmer does of his horses and cows. Self-interest, therefore, often pleads for the poor slave, where no other motive does. I am happy, however, to learn, that religious instruction is now afforded the slaves, and that their condition, through the interference of Government, is much ameliorated and improved: and I also hear, that the Americans have lately withstood the temptation, when slaves were offered them for sale, and refused to buy them at any price. May the period soon arrive, when all the human race shall abhor the thought of buying and selling their brethren !

CHAPTER II.

Meets with a British Man of War and pressed—A Sailor's Life—His Character—Opinion of Religion—Chaplain—Divine Service on Deck—Late Improvements in the Navy—Discipline—A Man flogged—Travels to Boston—American Hospitality—Clumsiness of the Wheelwrights—Advantages of speaking the Truth—Dearness of Clothes—Of Provisions—Condition of Emigrants—Opinion respecting Emigration—The Haddenham Emigrants.

HAVING got our cargoe on board, and being ready for sea, as soon as a fair wind sprung up, we set sail. The weather proved fair only two days, when there came on a very severe storm, which drove us on the coast of America, and there we were obliged to lay under bare poles for three days. By this time I was very sick of the sea, and wished to be settled on land, but my wishes were now too late ; for, on returning home, we fell in with a man-of-war, some of the crew of which boarded our vessel, to overhaul us for men. Having nothing to shew for my defence against the press-gang, the lieute-

nant ordered me, with others, to get into his boat, an order which I dared not disobey. And now behold me a seaman of a British man-of-war, in training to fight for my King and country, which I loved as cordially as any man, yet it grieved me to be pressed to fight for them. I already hated a seafaring-life, and now I was obliged to continue on the sea, and might be soon called into active service.

The ship was bound back for America, whither we steered our course ; but the wind falling a-head, the ship bore away for Jamaica, and, after a few days, came to anchor at Port Royal in that island. Here we lay for a few days, and then were ordered out to cruise off the coast, during which time we weathered many a frightful storm. At length, meeting with the fleet, I had an opportunity of knowing better what was a sailor's life ; and, as my neighbours may wish for some information on that subject, I will make such plain remarks as my recollection may enable me.

The sailors were a set of men as jovial, careless, and happy, as the strictness of our discipline would allow ; and every comfort and indulgence, compatible with this, is allowed by the officers to all brave tars. As for danger,

we felt a pride in shewing our contempt of it; but I always observed, that when real danger occurred, the most sober and moral men were the most courageous. As sailors on board a man-of-war, we were, of course, continually reckoning on dangers, difficulties, and even death; but these seemed to be the last things to disturb us, and I believe that few of the sailors ever think of another world till they imagine themselves about to enter it. For my part, I confess, I scarcely thought of any religious subject, or of a future state once a month, except when called on deck to attend divine service. Since my return home, I have seen and heard more of the business of religion than ever before. Now, indeed, I know but little, and am too careless of my duty to God, and of my destiny in that future state to which we are all hastening; but I am often seriously reminded of them, and feel occasionally the importance of being prepared accordingly. I am persuaded there is a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun, and that it is the highest wisdom of a human being to provide for his eternal welfare.

In the merchant's vessel we had no Chaplain, but on board the man-of-war we had one

who regularly performed divine service ; and, indeed, we much needed a Clergyman, to instruct us and pray with us ; for our crew was very depraved : yet, notwithstanding the wicked character of many of the ship's company, it was an interesting spectacle to see the sailors assembled on deck to worship the God of Heaven ! The vast concave of the sky touching the distant horizon seemed to form sea and sky into one great temple, in which we worshipped the Almighty Author of Nature, and implored his protection.

I cannot speak highly either of the manner in which our Chaplain performed the duty, or of his general character. But as he was considered, at least at that time, only equal in rank to a lieutenant, and the officers were men of no great morality, I used to think, that if he had not resembled them in his conduct, he would have had a most uncomfortable life. I would not speak a word against his Majesty's Navy, except with the hope that such evils will, ere long, be remedied ; and I am glad to be informed, that since that time the sea-service has been much improved by many salutary regulations, that chaplains have been appointed of great moral worth and with more

respectable salaries, that many officers are become truly pious men, and have made it their pleasure and business to improve the moral and religious condition of the seamen. But in my time it was common among sailors, when speaking of a man-of-war, to say—"Do you belong to that hell upon earth?" Or, if the ship was better than others, they would say—"That is a tolerable hell upon earth!"

As the discipline maintained in the navy is necessarily strict and severe, the men being collected from all countries, there are amongst them some that are more brutish, ignorant, and depraved, than ever I could have conceived. It is impossible to keep men, so untutored, self-willed, rough, and wicked, as many of them are, in subordination, without great severity. Uninformed, however, as many of us were, we could not plead ignorance of the laws of the British Navy; for the articles of war were publicly read to all the crew once a month, for general information. Officers and men, therefore, were all acquainted with the laws, and were fully apprised of the severity with which the transgression of them was visited. If, therefore, we infringed them, we transgressed with our eyes open to the dread-

ful consequences. When offences were committed, the punishment must follow. In many cases, indeed, it would have been a pleasure to the officers to exercise mercy ; but it would have been neither policy nor justice to spare the criminal contrary to the law. Hence the severest punishments have been inflicted upon individuals as examples to the rest. I have witnessed the full execution of a culprit's sentence in all its horrors.

Whilst I was on board the King's ship, a man was sentenced to be flogged through the fleet, consisting of twenty sail. He had been tried for his life, and was sentenced to receive a dozen lashes in each ship. This punishment, if inflicted to the full extent, might have proved fatal. The surgeon, therefore, attended, and suspended the flogging before the criminal had endured as much as he could bear. The common sailor, however, is no more subject to the law than his officer. The captain is subject to martial law equally with the lowest seaman. Nor can he inflict an unjust punishment without being subject to trial by a court-martial.

After some time had elapsed, by a concurrence of favourable circumstances which I

need not trouble my readers by relating, I was disengaged from the sea-service, and set off with a companion or two for Boston, proposing there to pursue my trade as a wheelwright. We had little money, but called at the farm-houses in our road, related our difficulties, and solicited food and lodging. And here I must do the Americans the justice of stating, with grateful acknowledgments, that in all places they treated us with hospitality and kindness. Indeed, I had a very favourable impression of their benevolence. An anecdote, related by a soldier, who came from Nottingham, illustrates it also. A townsman went over to America as a soldier, and in the neighbourhood where they were quartered, they met with an opulent farmer, who recognised him by his dialect as a native of Nottingham. He told them that he came from the same place, and that he had left it thirty years, yet its dialect struck his ear immediately; and he and his companions were lodged and treated with the utmost hospitality, free of all expence, as long as they remained there. The old man was then about seventy years of age; and one evening he told them his tale! "Thirty years ago,"

he said, "I was a bold depredator of game, with other companions, in Lord Middleton's Park; and, upon conviction of the offence, was transported into this country: but my banishment has proved, not my marring, but my making. I have lived to despise my past conduct, and to obliterate it. I am now a magistrate in the country, and all the fields and cattle you see are my own."

At length we safely arrived at Boston on foot, through the bounty of the country-people, who kindly assisted and relieved us in our journey. I inquired for a wheelwright, and was directed to one Mr. Hopestillhall, who at once engaged me as a workman. I was surprised at the clumsiness of his workmen, and, indeed; at that of all the American wheelwrights. I thought them all bunglers, and the master, in his turn, was surprised at the dexterity with which I could turn a wheel, and execute every part of a wheelwright's business. He thought I was a journeyman, and asked me how long I had been an apprentice. A fair opportunity was now offered me of passing for a journeyman, and of receiving the full wages; but I thought it was best to speak truth; for nothing is got by a lie. I therefore candidly

told him, that I had been an apprentice only two years and three quarters. He was so pleased, however, with my skill, that he agreed to give me twelve dollars a month, and board and lodging. These may appear great wages, their dollars being at that time equal to six shillings; but for the purchase of clothes, which, at that period, and in that part of America, were excessively dear, the wages were but moderate, as six shillings would purchase no more apparel in America than three shillings in England. Every article of apparel was so dear, that I can buy more clothes in England for ten shillings than I could in America for twenty. Boston, in the winter, is so extremely cold, that good warm clothing is absolutely requisite. I was, therefore, obliged to spend all my money in the purchase of needful apparel. Provisions, however, at this time, were very cheap; but they are not always so. Considering the high price of clothes, and other necessary articles, the high wages in America are by no means a counterbalance. I saw many English people, who declared that they had been no gainers by emigration, and that had they staid in their own country, they should have been just as rich, and have shared

double the comforts : and many said, that they would return back to old England and their old neighbours ; but they must expend all their hard earnings to make the voyage. I would, therefore, from my own experience and observations, never advise emigration. Hundreds have been obliged to work like slaves on an unprofitable soil, the best part of their lives, before their farms have repaid them, and lived, like savages, in the depths of woods and deserts. If I could have seen my neighbours of Haddenham, in the Vale of Aylesbury, before they had sold all up and gone to America, I could have predicted their late distressing return, with the loss of all, to subsist, for a time, on parish bounty.*

* In the commencement of this year, 1819, there was a great desire excited in the Vale of Aylesbury to emigrate to America. From the populous parish of Haddenham, Collet, the shoemaker, and Oliver, the weaver, sold off all they had, and set off with their families to America, in May, 1819. Collet went off with 150*l.* in his pocket. In the beginning of October, this same year, he and his family came back to London, and returned by Welford's waggon, from the Green Dragon, Giltspur-street, to their old village of Haddenham. But in what state ? Without money—without a bed to sleep upon or clothes to cover them ! Welford made them a bed of straw in his hay-loft, and covered them with the wrapper of his

waggon. They acknowledged that this was a far better lodging than they had had in America. The account they gave of provisions was, that they could not buy even a cabbage under the enormous price of eighteen-pence; and the mutton and veal was so very bad, that if they did not dress it almost immediately, it became tainted; and that the potatoes were so bad, that when they had boiled them seven hours, they were too tough to be eaten! Oliver is expected to return also with his family every day. The parish have had a meeting to relieve these impoverished emigrants. Their account, it is possible, may be a little exaggerated, to excite the greater compassion, and the more strongly to justify their return; but it is a little corroborated by Birbeck's Notes on a Journey to America, page 11, who relates that the worst meat in England is sold far cheaper than the best in America; and gives numerous instances of the extreme dearness of every thing. The Editor thinks these facts at Haddenham deserving the attention of people disposed to emigrate; and if any persons want confirmation of the facts, they may inquire of Welford, the Haddenham waggoner, at the Green Dragon, Giltspur-street, every Thursday.





CHAPTER III.

Enters the Ship *Eliza*, on a Sealing Voyage—Arrives at the Cape of Good Hope—York Island—Made a Cartel to St. Helena—Description of St. Helena—Buonaparte—Return to the Cape—Storm—Providential Escape—Madagascar—Prepare for Action with Malay Pirates—Escape—Canton—River Ta—Floating Vessels—Tointuck—Shamschoo—Superstitions—The Idol Josh burnt in Effigy—Roasted Pig before Josh—Dangerous Experiment—Josh Houses—Chinese Artifices—Anecdotes—Return by the Cape to America.

AT Boston I staid nearly two years; but thinking I could get more by sailing on the sea than by working on the land, and being now rather of a rambling disposition, I determined to try the sea again. An opportunity soon offering, I went on board the *Eliza*, of Nantucket Isle, on the coast of America, a very rich island, particularly as to its fishery. The island, as I understood, is composed principally of merchants, who are Quakers, and who appear to hold a sort of neutral government, without intermeddling with the politics

of other countries. The island seems defenceless, but the Quaker-merchants fit out vessels with tomkins, or sham guns ; but now they are so well known, that the enemy is seldom deceived by them.

The Eliza, on board of which I had entered, set out on a *sealing* voyage ; that is, she was to sail for the South Seas, for the purpose of catching seals, which are valuable for their skins, and conveying them to Canton, for the purpose of exchanging them for tea, tutenague, and other merchandise. My wages were to be one sealskin in every seventy caught. I was out, therefore, it was supposed, upon a good lay, as every sealskin would fetch six shillings. Our hopes were more than realized, as we succeeded in catching three thousand seals, as will be related in its place, which produced so good a return by the exchanges we made at Canton, that when I came back to America, my share of the profits amounted to so large a sum, that when the money was told down, I had more than my hatful of dollars.

The seal is an amphibious animal, living in the sea, and dwelling principally upon the land. It contains a great deal of blubber, and the flesh is suitable for food. The skin, which

is hairy, is a considerable article of commerce. The seals dwell in herds together, and if one is wounded the rest hasten to his assistance. They use their fins as feet to walk and run on shore. Our sailors knocked them down with long clubs; but the other seals came most courageously, in droves, to their help, and then all hands were engaged to knock them down.

But it is time to take my reader on the voyage with me. We proceeded, therefore, towards the South Sea Islands. On our arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, we stayed a few days. It was then in possession of the Dutch. From thence we made an excursion to York or Grozat Island. It is called Grozat Island after a French frigate, which discovered it. We stayed a few days only; for the island was barren and desolate, and destitute of inhabitants. We left, therefore only seven men on the island to catch seals, and the ship returned back to the Cape to winter, in the hope of taking up anchorage for six months. But during our absence, the English had taken possession of the Cape. Upon our return to the Cape, therefore, the Governor was inclined to make use of our ship as a cartel, to convey wines and prisoners from the Cape to St. Helena; and for this purpose an embargo

was laid upon us for forty-eight days, during which time we dared not move from our anchorage. But the captain pleading that we left seven men at York or Grozat Island, in a destitute condition, he at length succeeded in obtaining leave for us to set out, without delay, as a cartel, to St. Helena.

Thither we conveyed prisoners and refreshments. I was particularly struck with the vast and impregnable rocks of St. Helena, well calculated, indeed, to be the prison of Buonaparte, and to keep this disturber of the world locked up by the barriers of nature, deprived of the power of doing further mischief in the earth.

It has been often said, that St. Helena is a barren, rocky island. Its rocks are, indeed, vast and sterile, and it appeared to us, at a distance, nothing but a rugged, bare rock; but, upon entering the bay, we found thousands of acres covered with a deep and rich soil. Sandy Bay is most beautiful, romantic and fertile. Long spiral masses of rock on one side, hills, covered with verdant trees, which soar upwards, hill upon hill on the other, and a valley between, interspersed with meadows, spotted with grazing cattle, gardens, plantations, and

the houses of planters, present a picture of beauty, majesty, and terror, contrasted with each other, which delighted the beholder.

I have since thought that our generous Government, instead of immuring Buonaparte in a prison, as his crimes so richly merited, have placed him in a paradise, in the bosom of the ocean; containing all the beautiful and sublime objects of creation. The island is twenty-nine miles in circumference, and is washed by the expansive ocean, which bears a breeze of health to the retired Usurper on every side. It is well illustrated in a late Epistle, in rhyme, from St. Helena:—

“ From hence retiring, verging towards the town,
Appears the seat where Buonaparte lay down,
By choice, for several weeks, when first he came.

* * * * *

Oh! had you witness'd every beauteous scene,
In which transported I have often been,
With hill and dale, with mountains rising high
Above the clouds, which seem to pierce the sky,
With rocks on rocks, so singularly hung,
With vales as rich as ever poets sung!

* * * * *

But how can Buonaparte these charms descry—
Disfigured objects to the jaundic'd eye!
Complain he will, wherever he may live,
His restless spirit ever crying ‘ Give!’

The empire wide of France for him too small,
 He would have grasp'd the whole terrestrial ball.
 With what propriety can we believe
 The man who thinks it lawful to deceive ?
 To number half the proofs our time would fail
 Of violated law—then cast a veil,
 Enough discover'd caution to inspire
 To guard our country from destructive fire.

* * * * *

Napoleon, the terror of the world,
 By favour'd Britons from his throne is hurl'd.
 He came, he boasted, and in haste he fled,
 To Paris: anxious to preserve his head,
 His crown he forfeited; his life to save
 He crouch'd servilely, begging that the brave,
 Whose ruin he had sought, would him protect.
 And pity, which from none he could expect,
 He found from Britons, great alike in fight
 And mercy towards the vanquish'd.—Glorious sight.*

* See "Buonaparte," an Epistle, in metre, from St. Helena, published by Baldwin and Co.—As the Editor of this little work is well acquainted with the Author of the above metrical epistle, he begs to assure all those who may chance to peruse this note, that in this rhyming epistle, in which the Author disclaims all poetic merit, and professes only a bare relation of facts in metre, he will find an interesting account of St. Helena, and of Buonaparte, who, though deservedly despised and execrated, is a being who, for his past power and tyranny, and his present isolated dependance, must be an object of interesting curiosity to all persons of reflection, who deem the vicissitudes of human life and the retributive justice

From this island, most salubrious in its atmosphere, and already, through Governor Dunbar's improvements, clothed with woods, and chequered with tillaged fields bearing grain,

of an ever-watchful Providence subjects deserving their serious attention. In this little volume, written, to say the least of it, in a very *amusive and easy* style, he will read some very interesting facts and anecdotes, which illustrate human nature and develop the real character of Buonaparte. Nor is it the least merit of this performance that the principal events of the Corsican's campaigns and Lord Wellington's victories are related in a very short compass, and bring all the splendid achievements of our British Hero into a focus which, by their brilliant splendour, render more dark the black character of Buonaparte. What may increase the value of this volume is, that all which the Author relates is true—the result of his own knowledge, from a residence on the island for seven years. The proofs of infidelity, almost amounting to atheism, in Buonaparte, shew us the secret cause of his career of wickedness and atrocity. He had lost the fear of God and the love of man; and whenever individuals or nations have attained to the same height of daring impiety, they are ripe for every work of destruction. The spread of infidelity and atheism in Europe have been marked with violence and devastation. May their progress be arrested among us ere their effects are felt! The Editor knows the author of the epistle to be a man of principle and integrity; and it would add greatly to the pleasure he feels, in bearing this testimony to his merits, to find that it should at all contribute to excite the public to read this literary curiosity, the production of a residence at St.

we returned, in a short voyage, to the Cape, where, having left some stores, and finished our appointed business as a cartel, we obtained leave to set sail for York, or Grozat Island, where we had left our comrades to catch seals.

We soon came within sight of Grozat Island, but, in our passage, met with a violent gale, which carried away our bowsprit. It struck against our first mate and put his shoulder out of joint, and swept one white man and three blacks into the sea.

In this storm I ventured to climb aloft into the maintop to get down a favourite monkey, which I had procured at the Cape, and as I was coming down the shrouds, the ship heeled, and I fell out of the rigging from a height of about twenty feet. I thought all was over with me, and that I was falling into the sea, but, provi-

Helena, and that it might, by its sale, not only repay his expences, but bring a valuable accession into his little treasury—too scanty at present for the support of his large and worthy family. And though the Author of the epistle does not know the name of his Friend, who pays him this humble tribute of respect, yet, should this meet his eye, he may rest assured, that he will delight in any opportunity of rendering him a service.

dentially, my foot caught in the cage of the mainstay, where I hung suspended by my heels. Soon recovering myself, I climbed again to the maintop, and brought down my monkey with safety to myself.

We were twenty-eight days in returning to the Cape to refit; and here we found it difficult to get spars for repairing the vessel at any price; but at length having put the vessel in good condition, we set sail again for Grozat Island, where we found our seven comrades, longing for our return, who had well employed the time of our absence, and had caught a large number of seals.

Having laden the ship with them, we sailed forward and touched at Madagascar, where we bartered some of the seals, and took in bullocks, with which the island abounded, and purchased other stores with old glass-bottles, gunpowder, trinkets, and calico.

On the Madagascar shores we gathered a very curious production, which appeared almost animate, like an eel, bearing balls as large as apples: we called it beechenmar. The Chinese, who are very fond of it, and make it into soup, call it hotiandee; and, for the purpose of selling it to them, we laid in a

good store of this half vegetable and half animal food, and having cut them open into flakes, we dried them for keeping.

We now passed along by Java, Borneo, and Cochin China, and were sailing near Hainan, for Canton, when we descried a vessel filled with Malays, or Ladrões, pirates, who much infest those seas. They have a fleet of ships in their possession, and are a set of outlawed Tartars and Chinese, who keep all these shores in perpetual dread, so that scarcely any merchant vessels will venture to sail without a convoy. They may well feel a great terror of falling into the hands of these barbarians ; for they either murder all their prisoners, or condemn them to perpetual slavery in their fleet. They had two or three heavy boats, with one heavy gun which turned on a swivel. They had already taken an American brig, and we expected to be the next vessel captured by these savage pirates. The captain assured us they had put all the prisoners to death. The captain presently called all on board, and said, " Come, my boys, get ready for action ; for these chaps are going to attack us." Immediately all was bustle and activity. Not a heart seemed daunted. Encouraged by the

commander, and aware that the Malays would shew us no mercy, we resolved to fight as long as the ship would bear us above water. We had only two swivels and two four-pounders on board ; but we began to prepare for action with all alacrity. The enemy was bearing down upon us with a fair wind ; and through the telescope we could see them ready for action. We distinctly saw one large gun, about the centre of the ship, turning upon a swivel, and discerned their large lances and muskets. In a short space we expected to be in close action ; but, if I may judge from myself, none of us apprehended danger or death. I have kept my readers, however, too long in suspense, whilst preparing to meet the enemy, who was bearing down upon us. Behold, then, our guns loaded and primed, and a slow match, made of pitch, already kindled. As soon as the command is given, the man who holds the match swings it swiftly round, touches the powder, and off goes the cannon with its appointed ball of death. Every minute a blow was expected—the enemy came nearer and nearer—when, lo ! a Spanish ship appeared in sight, advancing towards us ; and our enemies, the Malays, taking the Spaniards for a man-

of-war, sheered off, and we escaped the battle. And now, unobstructed, the Eliza, of Nantucket, steered her course to Canton, the second city in the rich and populous empire of China.

We now entered the Bay of Macao, or Canton, and as we sailed up the River Ta, which flows into it, the water seemed almost covered with floating vessels, in which live whole families, who never walk on land all their days. They say there are five thousand trading vessels sometimes lying in the River Ta before Canton. I think I saw no less than two thousand people upon the river. All seemed dressed alike, both women and men. They call many of them latheroons, or thieves. They are outlawed; and it may be said they were outlanded, and doomed, for their crimes, to continue on water all their days. They have their heads shaved, as a mark of their disgraceful character. The girls upon the river applied to us to wash our clothes. They agreed with them for three months for three dollars. They washed them clean enough, but as for ironing, they only laid them in a heap together, and beat them with flat boards till they had smoothed them.

As soon as we came off Canton, Tomtuck, the Governor, visited us in his junk, and came on board our ship. His vessel was built very much like a house, divided into various rooms, with brass knockers to the doors. We gave him three cheers when he left, and the next morning he sent us five or six gallons of shamchsoo, a very hot spirit, strongly burning the stomach. One of our black men drank a considerable quantity of it, and it so dreadfully affected him, that the next day he died raving mad. The captain told us that there was an order of government not to suffer the smallest quantity of shamchsoo to come on board ships of war. "It is poison," he said, "to the human frame:" he therefore ordered it all to be brought to him, and he poured it out into the sea.

These river dwellers, as well, indeed, as all the Chinese, are very superstitious. While lying in the River Ta, we were much diverted with their superstitious acts of revenge which they executed on their unpropitious deities. They always place at the head of their boat their god, whom they call Josh, and near it a fire of wood, to light this petty divinity to supper; but when their god happens to displease

them, either by refusing their requests, or by not warding off some misfortune, they set fire to him, and burn him in effigy, and send him down the river, all in a blaze, with the tide. This, they say, is to let the god know what punishment himself may expect from them, if he does not treat them better ; for by this they assure him, his own image shall itself be burnt, as well as his effigy, if he continues to displease them. For the execution of this terrifying act of vengeance, they form an image from a bundle of straw and old clothes, grease, and wax, as our countrymen, in times of greater patriotism and piety, made up their representation of that vile blasphemer, Tom Paine, to burn him in effigy, instead of, like their degenerate sons, reprinting and buying his infamous scribblings. This they call their Josh. His head being composed of these combustibles, they set it on fire, and thus they send the mimic body, supported by the spreading garments at the shoulders, down the stream, blazing away, as large as a man, to the danger of every ship and boat which lies in its course. While we were at Wampoa there were many idol gods treated thus cavalierly by their proud and masterful devotees ; and, on one occasion, our ship

was in great danger of being set on fire by the multitude of their blazing mock water-gods gliding by us with the tide. Every night we saw a slow fire kindled up, and burning before their idol Josh, to light his majesty to supper; and every night we expected, if his worshippers should happen to be in ill humour with him, to see him treated with the same flaming earnest of their vengeance. It never struck me at that period of my life how thankful Christians ought to be for the Bible, which tells us of the true God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, and teaches us to reverence, and worship, and serve our Creator aright, according to the light of the glorious Gospel.

The Chinese on land are as superstitious as those on the water. We saw an image of Josh at the corner of every street in the suburbs of Canton: and as I and my companions were rambling out on a day of liberty, which was granted upon our arrival, we saw, at the corner of a street, a very nice pig roasting before Josh for his supper. It looked very tempting, and we began to long for it; at all events, we thought we would have a little fun, by trying the temper of the Chinese; so we pulled out our knives, and threatened to cut off a piece

to eat, and told them we would sieze the pig and run off with it. Instantly the Chinese assumed a very angry and hostile appearance, and, raising their bamboos in a most threatening manner, they would the next minute have fallen upon us, had we not fled from their fury. They seemed to consider us as blasphemers, and would most probably have killed some of us, had we waited for their attack. Though more than half the crew, therefore, were out, we thought it best to desist from the sport of trying their tempers, and we gave up the capture of their pig, since it was to be had only at the price of a bloody fray.

We amused ourselves in walking about the suburbs of Canton. Some of the buildings were very magnificent, and the country delightful. We found no difficulty in getting quit of many of our dollars, which they enticed from us in every way they could, but gave us nothing in exchange but copper, as they receive all the silver they can get of foreigners to work up into silver idols. We saw many of these costly idols erected in the streets; but each god had a guard over him; for they seemed well aware that avarice might make many sacrilegious enough to steal the

idols, and that the god was not strong enough to take care of himself. There were two very large gilt statues at the gate of the suburbs, on each side, in a niche in the wall: one looks very horrid, and represents War; the other seems to be delivering laws, and stands as the effigy of Peace. Here begins a very extended wall, surrounding many Josh houses, or temples, in one of which they keep sacred pigs, that have priests to attend upon them and keep them clean, as if they were deities. They worship, however, one supreme God, whom they also call Josh.

The Chinese generally reap a good harvest from the British sailors during the three days' liberty which is generally allowed them; and, having learnt a little English, they know how to hear and accost the sailors in their own language: at least well enough to make them spend their money with them. They would call out—"Shack, vat fare? Vat vant buy?"

Some streets are called by names that may please the fancy of sailors; as Hog-lane, China-street, Grog-court; and every Chinaman who keeps a public-house goes by a name equally pleasing to the jolly tar; such as Jolly Jack, Tom Bowling, Bob Tiller; and here and

there you may see an advertisement upon a door that some sailor has given them in the true sea-faring style, which may inform every future Jack who may arrive, where he may buy his grog and his tobacco. Sometimes a battle-royal ensues, and the tipsy crew drive all before them up Hog-lane, and China-vases, cups, and glasses, are all shivered to pieces in the scuffle, and skull after skull is broken by Jack's oaken club, or Tukki's bamboo stick ; but, generally, the tars, if they are not very inferior in numbers, give the Minheers a sound drubbing, and steer their course, unmolested, to the ship.

Among the curiosities in China I particularly admired the tallow-tree, in size like a cherry-tree, with red leaves, in form like a heart. It produces a fruit which, when manufactured with oil, very nearly resembles our tallow, and serves the natives for candles.

I was also struck with the custom of having their coffins made and their tombs built during their life-time.

I admired the wall surrounding Canton, which was five miles in circumference, from which there is a fine prospect of a country, as beautiful as the eye ever beheld, of green hills

and vallies, seats of rich mandarins, or nobles, villages and lakes, and the River Ta, covered with boats and junks.

The streets of Canton are straight but narrow ; but they look dull, as very few windows look to the street, except shop-windows, as if the Chinese were afraid their neighbours should see into their houses, and invade their domestic privacy. Some streets, however, are very pleasant, from the curious arrangement of shops of one kind all in one street; so that one was very shewy with silk, another with China and porcelain, and another was the delight of our tars, for the tobacco to be sold there. The streets are very much crowded, as well they may be; for it is supposed to contain not much less than a million and a quarter of inhabitants.

Having bartered all our seals, and laid in a full cargo of teas and nankeens, we sailed back to the Cape, where we found a ready sale for the greater part of them. We loaded our ship, in return, with a large quantity of specie and some ballast, with which we steered our course back for America.



CHAPTER IV.

Division of Ship-money—Squanders it away—Anecdotes of Sharpers—Goes to New Bedford—Enters on board the Polly—Storm—Wonderful Escape—Ship foundering—Rescued by a Schooner—Goes to Boston—Enters on board the Trial—Tremendous Storm—Shipwrecked off Long Island—Suspended Eighteen Hours, by grasping the Ropes, Rigging, and Hull—Arrives at North Port—His Limbs and Fingers amputated.

WE reached New York, in North America, after a long, but successful, voyage of three years: the cargo was discharged, and the crew received their three years' wages! My payment, I remember, was so large as to fill my hat with dollars.

Having been so long strangers to land, with all its comforts, we celebrated our return to it, from the ocean on which we had so long roamed, by squandering away our money, as fast as possible, in all kinds of sports and follies. Chaises, horses, carts, and almost every other land accommodation were all pressed into the service; and the wages we had earned in seven long years were squandered away in as few months, in a variety of amusements, verifying the old proverb—"Sailors generally earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses !!!"

At this time I think I told down my dollars to the amount of £50; and for six months I and my comrades lived, as we termed it, like gentlemen. The days flowed away in festive jollity, and we never thought of the *future* till we arrived at nearly our last dollar. How many ways can I now think of in which I might have disposed of this money to advantage! I might have set myself up in my trade of wheelwright, or purchased me a comfortable passage back to my native country in credit, to the comfort of my friends and my own future welfare. But at this time I had little thought and no religious principle; and

it was not till I had spent all, and began to be in want, (like the Prodigal in the parable,) that I looked out for employment.

When our money was nearly exhausted, we set off and travelled to New Bedford, where we enlisted on board the Polly, a schooner, bound for Baltimore for flour and tobacco.

I have since thought it a mercy that it was not in London where I had to receive so rich a payment after so long a voyage; for with the same dispositions and the like abundance of cash, and surrounded by companions ripe for any excesses, who knows into what snares and perils I might have been led! And as this history is compiled partly with a view to caution young men against folly, precipitance, and danger, I think it not irrelevant to relate an anecdote received from a Friend, respecting the perils from which an acquaintance of his escaped, who resided in London; and it may be relied upon as authentic.

He was returning at a late hour from supper, with three young men as giddy and guilty as himself, and either ashamed to go home so late, or afraid they could not gain admittance at their own homes, they agreed to roam the City all night. At length, excessively tired with their

perambulations, they arrived at St. Paul's Church-yard, where they inquired of a watchman if he could direct them to any one of those places of nightly resort called Night Houses. He immediately directed them to a place of that description, at the corner of Newgate Market. The four friends repaired thither, and met at the door two very ill-looking fellows, who, upon the door being opened, attempted to enter with them. They informed the landlord that these men were not of their party, and wished them not to be admitted. Upon which an opposition was made to their entrance, but it proved only pretended, for the men were victorious in the struggle, and rushed in with them. They were now conducted down a long passage into a large dark room at the back of the house, so removed from the street, that it was impossible to be heard, whatever outcry they might have made. To use the words of the narrator—"Here we ordered some coffee. An elderly man soon after entered, his hair powdered and tied, dressed in shabby black, and sat down at the centre of the table. He began apologizing for his intrusion, but still continued to keep his place. He pretended to be intoxicated: it was a good imitation, but

no real intoxication. He called for some gin and water, and when it was brought he pressed us very much to drink with him. I peremptorily refused, and winked at my companions to follow my example. He pressed us to partake, but I steadily rejected his offers, and my companions did the same. When the waiter came for payment, he objected to receive a sixpence, the currency of that coin being just stopped. He then tendered a one-pound-note for change. Upon the change being brought, the old fellow pretended to be drunk, and declared he had not received the whole of his change. To end the dispute, I intimated that I had counted the money as the waiter told it down, and knew it was right. This was the signal for a quarrel, and he improved the occasion. My poor limbs and eyes were immediately the subject of execration; but my silence terminated the fray.

“ He then attempted to commence a conversation with us, and proposed a subject; but I told him we were tired, and did not wish to enter into any conversation. ‘ Do not be offended,’ he replied; ‘ for, as I am sure you intend to spend the time here till the morning, we might as well pass the hours as pleasantly as we can.’ ‘ I shall not pass it long

here,' said I. I began to be in some suspicion; but my companions, not suspecting any ill intent, favoured his purpose, by commencing a dispute on politics. While they were arguing, two fellows came, one after the other, during an interval of a few minutes, and softly opened the door to peep at us. I providentially saw them, and so did one of my friends, and then I said, disguising my fears as well as I could, 'It is my intention to go.' 'What is the use of going home?' said the other two. 'We must walk the street.' 'Never mind that,' said I; 'I shall go, and I hope you will go too.' The old man, perceiving me determined to go, and likely to prevail with my companions to accompany me, pretended to be very earnest in conversation, and struck the table prodigiously hard with his fist. The violence of the blow proved the signal for the attack I apprehended. Instantly rushed in upon us the whole gang of thieves, fourteen in number, in appearance very desperate and wicked fellows. One was dressed as a dragoon; but I believe no soldier. Now, thought I, we are all lost! He came straight up to me, and, accosting me with an oath and offering his hand, said, 'Brown, how are you?' 'That, my friend,' said I, 'is not my name, and I never give my hand

to a stranger, and you and your associates are altogether unknown to me!’ This, they pretended was an insult. ‘Not a greater insult,’ I said, ‘than your intrusion into this room without our desire or concurrence: but it does not signify, as I shall not be long in your company; for I am going.’ Upon this they all gathered close round the door, and obstructed our passage. ‘Make way,’ said I, ‘for I will pass! I do not wish to push you; but I am determined to make my way out, through you, and so shall my friends!’ They stared at each other with surprise, as well they might; for what chance had I, who was small in stature, and not the strongest person, to force my way through such a host of ruffians? ‘Make way,’ said I, ‘I will pass: I will thrust my way by you.’ I forthwith made the attempt. After struggling and pushing, they gave a little way, and at length I forced my way into the passage. There I saw the man at the bar. ‘I will thank you,’ said I, ‘to let me out.’ ‘Let yourself out,’ said the pretended landlord, with an oath. I tried, but could not. Thinks I to myself, they have done for us now! But I made another and another effort, and at length the door flew open; upon which I eagerly

sprang into the street, and exclaimed—‘ You worthless villains! I do not care a rush for your whole gang, now I am out, and beyond your power. If you do not let my friends out, I will raise the whole street against you;’ upon which they were all permitted to come out; but one of them lost a gold snuff-box in the struggle. ‘ Thank you,’ said my companions; ‘ but for your decision and spirit we should have been robbed, if not murdered!’ A few weeks after, we learned that a man was actually *murdered* in that house, in consequence of which the licence was taken away, and the house shut up!! We would have lodged an information against the house ourselves, but, as we had been guilty of gross misconduct, unknown to our friends, in thus wandering about the whole night, we were ashamed of exposing our names to the eye of the public.”

These facts may be relied upon, as related by persons of credit well known; and I mention them here to caution young men against the dangers to be apprehended from late hours, and to warn them, on no account, to venture into strange houses, which may prove a den of thieves and murderers! Let me also

caution young men against excesses when they have a little cash, and guard them against all disobedience to parental authority. To this I would add, that the young man who told this tale has, through the mercy of God, become fully acquainted with his folly, has deeply repented of it, and turned from the paths of the destroyer; and, grateful to his Saviour for his deliverance, is pursuing the narrow path of active piety, to the Kingdom of Heaven! One of the party, however, more ardent and active than the rest, in the fulness of health and strength, was cut down, after three days' illness! To use the narrator's words—"I lodged in the same house with him, and saw him die. He had imbibed the loose opinions of infidels and atheists. Even in the midst of my career of folly we often disputed for hours on the truth of religion, and the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; and now a fatal sickness appeared upon him I pressed all my arguments; but so strongly was his heart hardened by prejudice and sin, that he would not hear me, but began to speak of former scenes of folly and wickedness, with a seeming regret that they were all passed away, and never likely to return! I reminded him of his impending dan-

ger. I called upon him to prepare to meet his God, but all in vain ; he said he must run his chance and hope for the best ; upon which he took up his slipper, and, playfully striking me upon the head with it, said, ‘ Ah ! I shall see you out now.’ Soon after this, he evidently *grew worse*. When he found himself, however, so far gone that his hands became completely black, and his lower extremities dead as high as his knees, he said, ‘ I know, if there is not an alteration very soon, it is all over with me ; but never mind, I have never done any one any harm, and if I have been misled, I cannot help it.’ Then, faltering in his voice, I thought he said—‘ I hope God will forgive me!’ ‘ You may depend upon it, then, my friend,’ I said, ‘ you have, indeed, been *misled*, and let me beg of you, convinced, as I am, that you are now on your death-bed, to be persuaded you have been misled, and act upon the conviction. I would advise you to say your prayers, and if you cannot, I will say them for you.’ He made no reply, but wished to evade the conversation, and continued, during several hours, apparently in a state of perfect indifference and thoughtlessness ; but sometimes his conduct was bordering upon levity.

He made several allusions, with apparent satisfaction, to former scenes of pleasure, which greatly affected me, and to which I replied in a manner not pleasing to him. He even attempted to sing several loose airs; but I thought it was more assumed than real, in order to disguise his feelings, and to calm the agitations of his Mother, who was greatly affected. He exhorted her not to mind *him*, and said he had no doubt all would be well. I could plainly perceive that he was convinced he was wrong, but I fear, without any profit from that conviction. He soon after seemed agitated in mind, and tossed about in his bed as if very uneasy. At this time my feelings were too painful to be described. I was overwhelmed in grief and distress. I loved, and pitied, and exhorted him; and at length had the unhappiness to hear him send forth two deep sighs, when I hastily rose up to run for the Physician. His friends, however, stopped me; and looking back on him, behold! my friend Robert was no more!!

“ I fainted away on this heart-rending occasion, overcome with the solemn thought that my poor and beloved companion was now gone to the world of eternal realities, to meet a

God who is terrible in justice, and will by no means clear the guilty. I hoped against hope, that he might find favour before that God, "with whom is mercy and plenteous redemption." I reflected much on my own state. I often visited the corpse. I stood mourning over it for hours; and, in my sympathy and grief, I kneeled down and prayed over his corpse for my own soul, which I had never done for months before. The impression of his death, and his unprepared state for it, never wholly subsided; and I hope the impression will be as lasting as it was deep, till my final hour, and then may I be ready to enter into the presence of my Judge and Saviour."

How bitter are the fruits of sin and infidelity! How important is religion to reclaim from vice and wretchedness, and to make men respected and happy! The young all long for independence, and what miseries they are plunged into if they affect it! Whereas, modesty, docility, and reverence to superiors, and to parents above all, are the virtues peculiarly belonging to the young, and which adorn and render it lovely: and they seem assigned by the laws of God and nature to be the guard of

inexperienced youth. The young are carried away by the love of pleasure; and "Christianity forbids no pleasures that are innocent, lays no restraints that are capricious;" the very sobriety and purity which it enjoins, lay the surest foundation of present peace and future eminence, inasmuch as they strengthen the powers of the mind, and preserve the faculties of the body in full vigour: and this we know is the path of safety. But what prostration of mental energy—what ill health and misery does vice occasion! and what perils do her votaries risk! To yield to vice is like crossing a plank over a yawning precipice, where the least stumble may precipitate us into the abyss from which there is no deliverance.

Let us now return to my history. When our money was exhausted, we set off and travelled to New Bedford, where we enlisted on board the *Polly*, a schooner, bound for Baltimore, to take in a cargo of flour and tobacco.

We had a favourable passage, and were returning to New Bedford, heavily laden, when we were overtaken by a tremendous storm! This was in the month of November, 1808. As the storm raged the gib became loose, the stops slipped, and let fly the rope, and the

sail floated in the wind. A heavy sea tossed the vessel and broke over the ship, and, for a time, overwhelmed us all. I ventured to do what no one else would, viz. to slide along the rope and fasten the stops to prevent the gib flying. In this perilous situation, while climbing along the rope over the roaring deep, I was shaken from my hold by the violence of the wind and waves, and fell into the tumultuous sea. I heard the alarming outcry of my comrades—"He is drowned!" But what a providence! At this instant, a heavy swell of the sea drove me in upon deck. The force with which I was thrown in upon my side, bruised me to such a degree that I feel the pain of the contusion to this day. My companions took me down, stunned and breathless with the blow, into the cabin. At that instant the bowsprit, from which I was suspended on the rope attached to it, while fastening the gib, was broken by the violence of the sea, the shock of which split the vessel! The water rushed into the breach, thus made, with such fury as to drive me headlong against the side of the ship. We were instantly obliged to cut up bed and bedding, for the purpose of

staving them into the aperture to exclude the water.

A young man ran upon deck to cut the broken bowsprit entirely away, in order to let it go ; and the foretopmast-stay being severed off, the main-mast went and started the after-part of the vessel, so that she leaked in a most alarming manner. The Captain, in the mean time, had thrown himself down in his cabin, and there lay some time in despair. Now, however, we came down to rouse him, and seized his bed and bedding to stop the leaks. " All hands to the pumps !" was the cry, and to work we went. But there stood by the pumps twenty or thirty casks of Indian corn. These being thrown about in the storm, the heads were broken, and the corn, all pouring out, filled the well and choaked the pump. What was to be done ! The pump, now rendered useless, some of us ran down into the cabin and fetched up the run-skuttle, and baled out the water : we continued baling from Thursday night till day-light on Sunday morning. What a scene of confusion, dismay, and violence, was there ! We knew not but we must soon find a watery grave in our sinking vessel ;

yet never did I hear the crew swear in a more impious and shocking manner! At times it lightened and thundered enough to make the boldest shudder; yet our hardy tars would run up the rigging and climb the masts with the most determined fearlessness. I had never contracted the habit of swearing; there was a secret check of conscience which deterred me from this sin; and I often observed that the boastful swearer was a coward in real danger, and that the most moral and considerate of our men were the bravest. What a proof is this that infidels are not satisfied with the truth of their own system, that they are conscious they have more to fear than to hope, and that they cannot contemplate a future world without terror! What an evidence is here, also, that the religion of Jesus Christ is the only source of unshaken fortitude, amidst the changes and perturbations of human life, and that religion alone can bring us to a state of mind undisturbed by the dread of dissolution!

On Monday morning, another schooner came near; and now the prospect of deliverance dawned upon us! The poor Captain, who had been almost dead with alarm, revived,

and regained his usual spirits as he beheld the schooner at hand.

The storm subsided into a calm, the leak became less, and the men, almost overcome with fatigue, were allowed a respite from their toils. We got out a boat, and I and four more rowed off with the Captain to the schooner. She, also, had been much shattered with the storm; but was still in a condition to be manageable. Our Captain went on board, having somewhat recovered from his late fright, and persuaded the Captain of the schooner to take our men on board to assist in working his vessel, to which he kindly consented. Our Captain then returned with us to his shattered ship; and having taken out considerable stores of beef, pork, tobacco, &c. abandoned the ship, and we supposed it must soon after have gone to the bottom. Having rescued part of our cargo from the wreck, and being happily received on board the friendly schooner, we sailed in safety to Newport, in North America, where I and my comrades were paid off.

From thence I walked to Boston, and entered again, as seaman, on board the *TRIAL*, Captain William Trash, which proved, indeed, a *trial* to me of no common kind!

But for the surprising providence which interposed in my voyage in the Trial, I should have now been in the regions of the dead ! How little are we aware what troubles may betide us when, full of spirits, we commence our voyage with a smiling sky and prosperous gales ! How quickly may the calmest sea be ruffled with storms, and a day of joy be turned into shadowy darkness, tempest, and death ! “ We know not what a day may bring forth.” How important to possess a clear conscience, a calm reliance on the providence of God, a trust in his help, and a hope of his favour, through our blessed Saviour !

“ He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode—
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.”

“ If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is his life, his arms are spread
To shield him with a healthful shade.
If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick and hasten midnight death,
Israel is safe ; the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.”



CHAPTER V.

Tremendous Storm—Shipwrecked off Long Island—Suspended Eighteen Hours, by grasping the Ropes, Rigging, and Hull—Arrives at North Port—His Limbs and Fingers amputated—Sketch of Tom Paine, and his Death at New York.

THE TRIAL, the significant and *prophetic* name of our vessel, now prepared for the voyage which proved her last, and which became a scene of SUCH TRIAL, hardship, and imminent danger to myself!

Having laid in provisions and ballast, we proceeded to the North-East Coast of America, to load with spars for ship-building.

When we had got all our cargo on board, we sailed out from North Port, bound for Charlestown, in South Carolina. We touched at Belfast, and cleared out at the Custom House there, as there was no Custom House at North Cape. Afterwards, returning to North Cape, we laid to, ready for sailing the next morning; but never more was that ship to sail!—that night most of our crew were doomed to end their voyages in a watery grave! This fatal night was the 18th of January, 1809.

Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Come with us mariners and trace
Th' unknown regions of the seas.

We leave our native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

Now to the heavens we mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;

What strange affright we sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!*

At 9 o'clock at night came on a most tremendous storm, which soon caused the ship to part with both her strong cables, with which she was at anchor at this time. In consequence of this terrible accident, having no anchor to stay her course, the vessel drove for nine miles upon a ledge of rocks, stretching into the sea from Long Island. After several very heavy seas had broken over her, she bilged, filled with water, and upset!

I and most of my comrades got outside of the ship, and hung by our hands on her sides, by grasping the ropes and rigging. For a time we were thus borne up in safety above the destructive billows. But what a dreadful situation! To be rescued from instant death only by such a painful exertion of strength, suspended by our outstretched arms and grasping fingers over the yawning and roaring deep! Yet in this fearful situation we hung by our hands and fingers, over a watery grave, for eighteen hours!! And what a night in which to be so exposed to the pitiless storm

* Watts' 107th Psalm.

—a night in which the cold was so intense that cattle on land were frozen to death even in their stalls! so that ever since they have in those parts remembered the days, by calling them “Cold Friday and Cold Saturday.”

Some of our comrades became exhausted, and could retain their hold no longer, but fell, one after another, into the raging deep, to rise no more; and two or three were frozen to death with their hands clenched in the rigging. Our feelings were too painful and full of horror to be described on this dreadful occasion.

“ Then rose, from sea to sky, the wild farewell ;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave ;
Then some leap'd overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

“ And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and when all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.”

We saw our comrades fall, and heard their fruitless cries for help! When they sunk, and their cries had ceased, our Mate exclaimed "I wish it were so with us all; for they have gone through it, and we have all soon to go through the same." I cannot express my feelings—"Here," I thought, "I hang by my hands sooner or later most inevitably to fall into the deep too," as there could not be conceived any human help at hand to rescue me from this horrible death! I seemed to die a thousand deaths in fearing one. Here we hung from Friday night till Saturday afternoon, in hopeless, mournful despondence, clinging to the ropes and rigging, till our hands were benumbed and had lost all feeling.

When land was far, and death was nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God we cry;
His mercy heard our loud address,
And sent salvation in distress.

Just as we were ready to give up all for lost, at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a ship hove in sight, and, most providentially, she came by! Oh! with what joy we hailed her with all the little strength remaining! Nor were our cries in vain. She approached, and took our

wretched crew on board ; but we had hung so long in so cold an atmosphere that our hands were clenched and frozen to the rigging and vessel, so that had they not pulled us away, we should never have let go our hold alive ! They were obliged to unclench our hands by force, and drag us away, as we had no power to unclasp them ourselves. Thus most wondrously rescued from imminent death, by the providential arrival of this unexpected vessel, we were taken on board, and conveyed by them to Long Island, which was not far distant, and immediately messengers were dispatched by boat to Belfast for a surgeon to attend us. As the storm had now ceased, the surgeon arrived in a short space of time. He was struck with surprise at beholding us alive, after hearing the narrative of our sufferings, and much pitied us. He ordered us instantly to be put into cold water, to take the frost, by degrees, out of our limbs ; and immediately after poultices were applied to the parts affected.

We staid on this island about a week, till we were a little refreshed and able to be moved, and then were placed on board a small packet, which conveyed us to North Port.

Having once again arrived alive at North Port, I and my two companions, whose limbs had been frozen, were taken to the house of Captain Brown, who hospitably received us.

For seven weeks every means were used to save my limbs; but, at length, apprehending a mortification, they decided upon the necessity of an amputation without delay. The consultation on my case was held by fourteen surgeons, *not one of whom had ever cut off a limb before!!* It was a dreadful necessity! They gave me the choice of the surgeon who was to perform the operation. I chose Dr. Thuston, a young man of Casteen. I suppose, from what I have heard of amputations in this country, that it will be scarcely credited by my skilful countrymen that my surgeon was a full hour and a quarter in cutting, or rather hewing, off my limb, reckoning from the time I was stretched on the table to the moment when he had hacked off the limb, taken up the arteries, dressed the wound, and put me to bed!!! My leg was taken off below the knee; and, surely, such a cruel piece of butchery was never before performed upon one human being by another in the character of a surgeon! They all thought I should

have died under the operation. Colonel Knowlton, who was present, swore, that if I survived this cruel hacking, he would himself pay the expense of having an experienced surgeon to take off my other limb, sooner than I should again be thus butchered alive!!

He performed his promise five weeks after. As soon as I was able to undergo the amputation of another limb, he engaged an experienced, skilful surgeon—one (to use his own expression) hard-hearted enough not to mind cutting a man to pieces, so that he could render him a real service!

The surgeon was Dr. Doge, of Thomas Town. He was only one quarter of an hour in performing the operation, from the time I was laid on the table till I was put in bed again. I was to all appearance dead. I fainted away for so long a time that they were preparing to lay me out; but I was, by God's providence, restored to life. One of my companions was also obliged to have both his limbs amputated and the largest part of his hands. The other lost his feet. After my limbs were taken off, I had to go through eight more ordeals, each of which endangered my life. My eight fingers were cut off, one by one, a week

after each other, and in the amputation of each finger I understood that I sustained as great a risk of a lock-jaw as in the amputation of a limb! After each operation I felt considerable pain till the fifth day. The frequent twitching of the nerves, also, made me apprehensive of a lock-jaw; but, upon the appearance of matter in the wound, the danger, they said, was over: but, through the whole period of this dreadful trial, I was in continual apprehension of death. It was an astonishing deliverance, that I should undergo the imminent danger of losing my life ten times successively, soon after each other, in the amputation of my two limbs and eight fingers, and should yet survive all these perils and sufferings! May gratitude be ever inscribed on my heart, and may my lengthened life be employed to the honour of that gracious Providence which preserved me!

It was a great alleviation, also, of my troubles, and conduced much to my comfort and recovery, that I was in the house of Captain Brown, whose kind conduct, throughout the whole, I shall ever remember with affection.

The Hospital, which is supported by a

penny per week, stopped out of the wages of all American seamen, defrayed my expences. Every support and comfort, therefore, which I needed was amply supplied. It was full six months before I could attempt to go out of doors ; and I shall never forget the sensations of distress that I experienced, when I first stumped out upon my knees, and had to look up to others walking upon their legs ! O ! how keenly I then felt the loss of my own ! Captain Brown made me his book-keeper, as soon as I was able to undertake the office, for which he gave me board and lodging, and sufficient wages to purchase clothes. He wished me to remain with him and look after his business, but I now felt a desire to return to my native country, and was anxious once more to see my friends. I wrote, therefore, to my Father, and received a kind invitation from him to return immediately, accompanied with an offer to pay all expences. Captain James Trott, by whom I sent the letter, brought me, on his return, the invitation to return to England in the *Minerva*, from Boston.

At the time I was at New York, the notorious Thomas Paine died at that place ; and, as his conduct and end occasioned much conver-

sation, I will endeavour to give a faithful account of him, especially since his name and writings have excited such attention in our own country at the present crisis.

In the year 1802 he came from Paris,—where he had sat in the Council which murdered the Sovereign,—to New York. His crimes having deprived him of the power of returning to his own country, which was THEN up in arms against his blasphemies, he was glad to come to America. The Americans were, unhappily, his admirers; but his dirty appearance and his drunken habits excited the astonishment and disgust of all. They had been, however, in 1777, so infatuated by his *Age of Reason*, and especially his *Common Sense* and his *Crisis*, political pamphlets, that they supported him by a pension of £1000 per annum, and presented him with a good house for his residence. It may be easily conceived, from this, that the Americans, as a body, had not much regard for religion. Infidelity and atheism were, indeed, very common; but abandoned and irreligious as many of the Americans were, Paine's conduct became so contemptible and profligate, that he was generally detested! It was a notorious

fact, which brought him into great disgrace, that he treated with great cruelty a French lady and her children, whom he had seduced from her husband, and who had followed him to America with her three sons. They would all have perished but for the kindness of the Americans, who patronized her when she was obliged to teach the French language to gain a pitiful support. He attempted, also, to cheat his servant-girl of her wages. Not a day past but he was intoxicated; and he was so filthy in his person, and horrible in his appearance, that scarcely a beggar would keep him company! He often tumbled till he fell into fits: he frequently drank a quart of brandy in a day. He destroyed the comfort of every family in which he resided; for though he had a house of his own, he preferred living in pot-houses, and boarding in families. At length every one grew tired of him, and no one would lodge him.

At length a Mr. Jarvis, a portrait-painter, took him in. Here he often drank to a late hour, till he fell from his chair. Mr. Jarvis once sat up, from curiosity, to keep him company, and to hear his conversation, but in vain he attempted to preserve him from intoxi-

cation. He left him drinking at three o'clock, but returned at four to see what was become of him, and, behold! this great and conceited philosopher lay dead drunk on the floor!! "Mr. Paine," said he, "let me raise you up." "No, no," said Paine, "let me lie still, I feel a dizziness." "Yes," said Mr. Jarvis, taking up the empty bottle, drained to the last drop, "your head must, indeed, swim!" Yet even in this state he reasoned about the soul. "My soul," said he, "must be immortal; for though my body has scarcely the power of moving a limb, my mind is as strong as ever!" One day Mr. Jarvis's servant took up Paine's *Age of Reason* to read. Mr. J. took it from her, saying, "You shall not open it for the world." "Why not," said Paine, rising up with anger. "Because," said he "she is a *good girl*, fearing God, and doing her duty; but if she reads your *Age of Reason*, it will destroy all restraint upon her conduct, and she may cheat, rob, or murder me;" and then calling Paine to the window, he said, "Look at that black man coming out of church—three years ago he was a very wicked, abandoned character; he is now converted from his evil ways, and regularly attends church! Observe how

well he is dressed, and how respectable his appearance ! Formerly his neighbours avoided him as a pest ; but now they shake hands with him as friends. You see what a change religion has produced in him." To this appeal Paine could make no answer, except by a sneer of contempt : he must, however, have keenly felt the contrast. After this he resided at a little mean pot-house, where he amused himself with observing the people who daily came to see a *sixpenny show*, which was there exhibited. His sceptical friends, however, were ashamed of his conduct, and put to the blush on account of the miserable hovel where he had taken up his abode, and, for their credit-sake they dragged him away from a place so mean, and lodged him in the house of Mr. Ryder, whose situation in life was more respectable. As the history of Paine now became notorious, and much talked of, I will just give the Reader a sketch of his previous life to the period of 1802, when he came to America the second time.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk. His father was a staymaker, in poor circumstances, but an honest Quaker. At the age of fifteen, contrary to all his father's remonstrances, he ran away, and entered as a sailor

on board the King of Prussia, privateer. Returning, quite wearied of a seafaring life, he commenced staymaker at Sandwich, where he married. Thence he removed to Margate, and, losing his wife, he returned to Thetford to his Father, whose interest gained him a place in the Excise, and he became stationed at Lewes, in Hampshire. Here he prevailed on Miss Olive, a grocer's daughter, to marry him, and commenced grocer. But he used this amiable young woman with such monstrous barbarity, that she was obliged to obtain a legal separation from such a wretch. Soon after this he was convicted of defrauds upon the revenue, in consequence of which he was speedily dismissed from the service. Thomas Paine was now so thoroughly detested in all this neighbourhood, that he was glad to slink away and hide himself from the eye of the world in London, where he contrived to earn a miserable subsistence in a garret, by scribbling some pestilential pamphlet, or copying out some manuscripts. Here, however, his evil genius did not forsake him; for he contrived to scrape an acquaintance with Dr. Franklin, who, aware of his talents, but ignorant of his depravity of heart to pervert them to bad purposes, advised him to go to America. Here

he found a wide field for mischief! He saw the spirit of revolt rising in the Americans against the Mother Country—that country where he had already so disgraced himself; and he soon blew the spark of rebellion into a flame. Unhappily, England would not sooth the Americans, and, therefore, it was no difficult matter to kindle their increasing dissatisfaction into ungovernable fury. Paine set his pen to work, and out came a publication, entitled *Common Sense*. The style was loose and vulgar, just adapted to the taste of the mob, and it breathed a spirit of revenge exactly suiting their irritated feelings. The pamphlet spread, like wildfire, through all America. The Americans idolized the writer, and forthwith, at his advice, drew their swords against Old England. Paine followed up the attack he had made upon their old principles of allegiance, by a series of papers called *The Crisis*, equally vulgar, violent, and inflammatory. The Congress of America were caught by the cry in his favour, and elected him, in 1777, Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs. They soon, however, discovered that he was destitute of every principle of trust and confidence, as every man must be who

“ has not the fear of God before his eyes.” What oath could bind a Paine or a Buonaparte, when all religious restraint was renounced? Atheists and sceptics are not fit to be members of any society, for the Holy Book on which they take their oaths they revile as a fable; and these oaths they will break, without ceremony, when it favours their interest or suits their pleasure. Paine, upon becoming Secretary to the Congress, took the usual OATH OF SECRECY; but the *short-sighted* Congress, who so rashly TRUSTED an *infidel* with their *secrets*, soon found that Paine, notwithstanding all his oaths, was guilty of *discovering* them! At once, therefore, they expelled the traitor from their assembly! Having lost his credit and reputation in the New World, he now looked back upon the Old. Having done all the mischief he could in America, by kindling the American war against this country, he now plotted, as if goaded by the Demon of revenge, to destroy his own country, by deluging it with civil war and bloody revolution. Full of this mad and desperate scheme against England, flushed with the late success of his writings in America, “ to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,” this disturber

of the earth sailed back to England : but here the mad incendiary found a people, at this period, too virtuous, and too attached to their good old King and Constitution, to listen to his lies!!! His character was too well known and detested to gain admirers. He sunk into obscurity and contempt, and was thrown into a prison for debt!!

In these forlorn circumstances, however, the spirit of evil did not fail him. While in poverty and rags he set his wicked wits to work, and conceived his book called *The Age of Reason*, that *egg* of mischief, which, as soon as it was fostered and hatched, burst and filled the world with the plagues which lay within it in embryo. The poison, contained in this book of ribaldry and blasphemy, would not, at this time, *take* in England. The taste of the people was too good—they nauseated it. The soil of England was too well filled with the good plants of virtue and religion, to allow room for these rank weeds to grow there! The Governors in Church and State, at that memorable period, were too vigilant over the Throne and the Altar to allow them to be sapped by the mining influence of daring blasphemers or wily demagogues. The pam-

phlet was soon arrested; and such measures were taken to notify the abominable nature of the publication, and to exhibit the character of the vile author to public odium, that not only was the book suppressed by public proclamation, but the very populace, to their eternal renown, shewed such a veneration for the Bible, the Prayer Book, the Church, and the Constitution of their ancestors, that they *gibbeted* the blasphemer, and *burnt him in effigy*, from one end of the kingdom to another!! May every blasphemer, every vile enemy of our unequalled Constitution, whether a Paine, a Carlile, a Hunt, or any other radical, who openly assaults them, or a C—b—t, or a H—ne, who holds them up to sneer or ridicule, meet with similar proofs of public reprobation.

Though Paine's infamous *Age of Reason* was cried down in good old England, it was much admired in wild, atheistic, republican France! It just suited the mad schemes of those who wished to have no king to govern, no law to restrain, and no God to punish them! And Paine, the daring author, having, by this book, made himself notorious as a fellow with no creed, no conscience, and no character, was just the bold and clever mis-

creant, the French wanted, to help them to bring their King to a scaffold, and reduce all ranks to one level! The FRENCH CONVENTION, therefore, unanimously elected him a *member* of their body. Paine no sooner received intelligence of the high honour they had conferred upon him, than he set off, without a moment's loss, for Paris, to take his seat in this King-killing assembly: and, unfortunately for the world, he was so precipitate in his flight, that the officers, sent to Dover to seize him, arrived just an hour too late! The vessel was set off, or else Paine, with all his pestilential plots, would have been safely lodged in a British prison, instead of "going to and fro through the earth," like the arch-enemy of man, "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he could devour!"

Arrived at Paris, Paine had the malevolent satisfaction of putting in practice his own schemes of *radical reform*! He took his seat in the Council of Five Hundred, and abetted them in their hard-hearted, bloody resolves to condemn and murder their Sovereign! Caressed and caressing, delighting and delighted, he triumphantly joined them in the mad national chorus—

“ Down with all kings,
And millions be free.”

But “ the triumphing of the wicked is short !” There is no friendship, no stability in those who delight in blood. In a short time the hand of the God of justice turned the current of affairs against these regicide conspirators ! —Paine and his impious crew were thrown into prison !! How he contrived to escape, when so many of them re-paid with their heads, at the guillotine, their crime of murdering their King, I cannot explain. His evil genius helped him to escape in order to attempt more mischief, or Providence permitted it, that we might learn an impressive lesson of wisdom from his awful end !

Safe out of prison, he resolved to quit France as soon as possible. But where should he go ? England, his native country, had outlawed him ! America had disgraced him ! He dared not set foot in England ! He resolved, therefore, again to try America, to see if he could not again acquire popularity, by inflaming the passions of the people to mischief and wickedness, or to attempt, by cringing to the Congress, to gain support : and here he arrived again in 1802, in the dirty dress and dis-

graceful habits which I have related. At the time I was there, when residing at Mr. Ryder's, age and infirmities came upon him, and, sinking in gloom and melancholy, the bold blasphemer began to shudder at his approaching end! Feeble and almost helpless, and rapidly hastening to the grave, this renowned philosopher felt the weakness of his principles, and was seen and heard to cry like a child! His mind seemed violently agitated with strange fears and wishes. Sometimes he earnestly wished to die—perhaps to know the worst of his apprehensions! At other times he seemed very anxious as to what would become of his *body* after death; and actually made application to the Quakers to suffer his remains to be interred in their burying-ground! But this considerate people conceived too great an abhorrence of this arch-enemy of God, and this disturber of man, to allow the bones of the blasphemer to pollute their soil! It would be well if Englishmen would take an example from this simple and virtuous people. It would be well if, instead of disgracing themselves by joining with a turn-coat Cobbett in depositing the pretended bones of Tom Paine in British ground, with funeral honours,

under a marble monument, they would throw them in a hole in the king's highway, where every loyal and Christian member of society might tread this wretch, this disgrace of human nature, under foot, with the contempt and execration which his crimes and his infamy so pre-eminently merit! At least they would do well to allow this his *posthumous friend* and compunctious admirer the exclusive privilege of atoning for his former abuse of Tom Paine, by making him deposit his horrible bones in his own tomb!!

But to return to Paine living with Mr. Ryder. When his illness so increased as to portend the approach of death, his *friend*, Mr. Ryder *dismissed* him to a little house in the neighbourhood, so little do infidels like to be troubled with dying friends! But still an example was given of *forgiveness* by the poor French lady, whom he had deserted, Madame Bonneville. She, at her own expence, provided for him this cottage: perhaps the reason was, she had a little Christian principle left! So ungrateful was Paine, however, so deficient in principle, notwithstanding all her persevering kindness and generosity, that whenever this forgiving French lady came to see him, he

abused her. Still she provided a nurse to attend the hardened wretch. The name of this woman was Hedden. She was a good woman, advanced in life; but he treated her so ill, and his language was so shocking, that, after she had endured, with patience, five uncomfortable, miserable days, she threatened to leave him! Afraid, however, of losing so good a nurse, he apologized to her, and she was prevailed upon to remain. His pains, at times, were very great; and now, what did all his former scepticism and blasphemies profit him! Overcome with anguish, and full of fears, he cried out most loudly and passionately, for a long time "O Lord, help me! O Christ, help me! O Lord, help me! O Christ, help me! &c.

Dr. Manly, who attended him as his physician, was particularly struck with this evident want of confidence in his infidel principles. He exhorted him to repent, and to look to God's mercies, through Christ; but his pride caused him to retain a profound silence. Afterwards he proudly exclaimed, with an assumed voice and air of confidence, "I am not afraid to die." This was only bravado; for, a night or two after, when death seemed to stare him in the face, he cried out, "I must say

what they make Jesus Christ to say upon the cross—‘ My God ! my God ! why ? hast thou forsaken me.’ ” It was evident, after this, that his terrors were great and insupportable ; he was afraid to be left alone night or day, he insisted that some one should always be in the room, and he always had the curtains of his bed drawn back, that, by his own eyes, he might be convinced that they were there ; and, if ever he was alone, he would scream and shout until some person came. The infidel seemed to stand shivering on the brink of a dark and boundless ocean, fearing to launch away ! His feelings of horror increased as he approached nearer the period of answering for his crimes and blasphemies before that God who will by no means clear the guilty ! Pride prevented his repentance and confession, or else it was plain he was no longer an atheist. His exclamations were the outcries of a sinner to a God and a Saviour whom he had affronted. It was said ; they sometimes found him in the attitude of prayer. The thought of his wicked writings, and the mischief occasioned by him, seemed, at times, to oppress his spirits. A young Lady occasionally visited him, and brought him refreshments. He asked her one

day if she ever read his *Age of Reason*. "No," said she; "I read a part, and I soon found it was a book so very bad in its tendency, that I burnt it." "You acted prudently," he replied; "I wish all who had read my books had been as wise as you, and had consigned them to the flames; for if ever the Devil had an agent upon earth, I am one."

In this state of uneasiness, when the trembling blasphemer seemed standing, with dismay,

" ————— on the solemn, silent shore
Of that vast ocean he must pass so soon,"

one of his old brother infidels came to see him. Seeing his distraction and terror, he exhorted him to die, as he had lived, like a man: and then, evidently disappointed and vexed, he hastily quitted the room. "You see," said Paine to his Doctor, "what miserable comforters I have!" Dr. Manly was informed, in one of his visits, that he often exclaimed, in agony, "O Lord, help me! God, help me! Jesus Christ, help me!" repeating the expressions in a tone loud and terrible enough to alarm the house. He therefore visited him on

the nights of the 5th and 6th of June, on purpose, he said, to test the truth of his opinions. And he gives the following account, in a Letter to Mr. Cheetham, which was generally rumoured at New York:—

“ I purposely made him a late visit—it was midnight; he was in great distress—constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned, when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present:—

“ ‘ Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference: you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of course; you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing; you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that he can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now, answer me honestly: I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.’

“ I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him.

“ ‘ Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask you again—do you believe, or, let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?’ After a pause of

some minutes, he answered, ‘ I have no wish to believe on that subject.’

“ I then left him, and know not whether he afterwards spoke to any person on any subject, although he lived, as I have before observed, till the morning of the 8th.

“ Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though, with diffidence, I would remark, not so much so in the present instance; for though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration, whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love, might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence?

“ For my own part, I believe, that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished infidel, he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion.”

It is evident, from the terrors he felt, and from his doubts and fears, that, like all other infidels, he had no confidence in his principles, he had a strong suspicion there was a life to come, and he knew that that life to him would be eternal death! He suspected that the NAZARENE, whom he had vilified, had ALMIGHTY POWER to punish him: he seemed to apprehend that he was approaching the bar of that Judge who would say, “ Bring these mine enemies who would not that I should reign over them, and slay them before me!” Thus,

at the advanced age of seventy-two, this miserable wretch “ was driven away in his wickedness, without any hope in his death.” He died a victim to diseases brought on by vice and drunkenness, a loathsome spectacle, his vitals consumed with brandy, and was buried, like a brute, without any rights of sepulture, or any friend to shed over him a tear of regret. An end so miserable, marked by cowardice so abject, by forebodings so fearful, in a condition so filthy and disgusting, with a mind so depraved and demoniacal, befitted a life so abominable and principles so base! A better comment could not be made by the pen of man, than was made by the finger of Death, upon the nature, tendency, and effects of those principles, by which Paine and his infidel crew would enlighten the world, and cheer and benefit mankind! Paine’s notorious and flagitious conduct, and his awful, dastardly, and dreadful death preached a lesson at New York which I hope may reach Old England. Many who once admired his principles learned to detest and dread them, burned his writings, and execrated his name; and, whatever moral injuries were, for a time, felt by society, from the execrable efforts of this blasphemer to

vilify his God and to brutalize his species, mankind are more than ever convinced, by his final fate, that "verily there is a reward for the righteous, doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth," that "though men may live atheists, atheists they cannot die."

What a contrast with his end is that of the Christian! Paine had to grope his way into a dark eternity, through the dismal grave, amid horrors and clouds of blackness and despair! The Christian can calmly approach the tomb, and say, with triumph, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou, my God, art with me, thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me!"*

* 23d Psalm.



PAINE'S CHARACTER

CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF

THE PATRIOTIC DUKE OF KENT

AND OUR LATE GREAT AND GOOD

KING, GEORGE THE THIRD.



It now remains to deduce a few practical inferences from the above sketch of Thomas Paine, which may bring to a focus all the dark shades of his character, and then to contrast it with the radiant excellences in the characters of the DUKE OF KENT, who was well known in North America at the same period, and of our late GREAT AND GOOD KING, GEORGE THE THIRD.

Let the despicable chief of infidel radicals be placed beside the Royal and venerated Patron of Piety and the intrepid Defender of the Faith and Constitution, and we shall soon see whom most to admire.

Of Paine, who can forbear saying,

“ His life was one continued scene
Of all that’s infamous and mean.”

But, looking back upon his infamous career, there are some *features* which deserve our especial notice, especially at this peculiar crisis.

1. He seems, in all his writings, to feel an unconquerable hatred to Law, Judge, and Jury. I would ask—For what reason? An examination of his life will bring before us a few facts which will explain this. It appears that he had a talent for trick and chicanery, which some may think proper to dignify with the terms cheating and thieving.

Why did he rail at a Judge and a Jury, but because he knew his villany deserved their sentence of condemnation? Why did he exclaim so loudly against a jail and a gallows, but because he knew he was in danger of them?

2. But it may be said, surely we must allow him the praise of a benevolent heart, which extended its sympathies to the whole world. When he gave, for a toast, at a dinner-meeting of radical Reformists, “ Reformation to the whole world!” he stretched his arms as

though to clasp the four quarters of the globe in his fraternal embrace! Well, let us examine the *nature of this benevolence*. He set out with his first wife, on the tramp, from Margate to London. What became of her? No one can tell. But report, which was generally credited, informs us, that he suffered her to *perish on the road, in childbirth*, or that he killed her by his hard usage and cruelty! The truth was, Tom Paine's benevolence, like that of other radicals, consisted in *lofty speculation* alone: he could talk of "the abolition of primogeniture in France as restoring parents to their children and children to their parents, and man to society." "But this *benevolence*," to use the words of his panegyrist and friend Cobbett, "never descended so low as into *action*. In private life he was a brutal, savage husband, and an unnatural father!" His humanity was vastly too extensive to touch those around him: he felt too extremely for himself to feel for others. In short, he made so bad a husband that his second wife, Miss Olive, was glad to *buy him off* at the price of all she was worth, which was 85*l.*! I am afraid that *radical husbands* could not now be bought off so

easily, however desirous their wives might be to imitate Mrs. Paine. These bold champions for liberty are generally tyrants in their families, and, therefore, "the worth of a democratic spouse," to use the words of the notorious Cobbett, "even supposing him to be as valuable as his great leader, is just 35*l.* worse than nothing!!"

3. But it may be asserted PAINÉ was a man of great mind, *superior* to worldly TITLES and DISTINCTIONS. It is true, indeed, he railed against KINGS, and wished to reduce *all* men to one *level*; but he was glad to accept of any *office*, when it was within his *reach*. He *abused* the GOVERNMENT, but he was glad to get into the office of *exciseman*; and for what purpose is evident. While an exciseman he set up grocer, dealt in *exciseable* articles, bought smuggled tobacco, as a grinder of snuff, and connived at others who did the same; in consequence of which he was *turned out* of the excise in disgrace! He petitioned to be restored, but Government would not listen to him. This *refusal* was the cause of all Tom's pretended *patriotism*! He immediately wrote against *taxation*, and called the *Excise* "a Hell-born monster." When he

could no longer share the profits, he said the KING and his *Ministers plundered* the people! It is true, also, that Paine railed against the *Clergy* and *tithes*, and that with all his might in his *Rights of Man*. But why? Because Paine himself actually attempted to *steal* into the Church, by applying for *Holy Orders*, after holding forth, for some time, as an itinerant preacher! But because he could not obtain a Rectory for himself, he forthwith abused the CHURCH for oppression, and tried another path to *preferment*—by entering the BROAD ROAD of OPEN BLASPHEMY! We have seen what honours he attained—a *seat* among the *King-killing assembly* at Paris, and a *place* under the *American Congress*! It should seem the Congress made him *Secretary of the Committee* for Foreign Affairs, (not a very honourable post,) from which, we are informed, he was *dismissed*, that is, he was *turned out*, for a *scandalous breach of trust*! Now let us see Tom's magnanimous contempt of titles and offices! He tells his followers, as loftily as he could, that "the Congress of America made him their SECRETARY OF STATE." And what is his account of his *disgraceful dismissal*? He tells his admirers, with an air of

great importance, "A misunderstanding arose between Congress and ME!" Observe his modesty—"between Congress and ME!" What a great man he must have appeared to his shallow devotees! To use Mr. Cobbett's excellent comment, "as well might the criminal say he has had a misunderstanding with the judge who condemns him!" But Paine proceeds with admirable humility—"and so *I resigned the office!*" How like a courtier is this railer against courts and kings in his attempts to soften the disgrace with which he was turned out of this office of Secretary to the Committee! Tom, like all other radicals, *would be great if he could*, and, if disappointed, rail at his betters!

4. But Mr. Carlile tells us that he admired Paine's writings because they contained the *best system* of rational religion, and were most calculated to promote the honour of the Divine Being, and the good of mankind! Now we find that, when it suits his purpose, Tom makes some fine hypocritical professions of reverence for "the word of God." In his *Common Sense*, when he raves against the Government that had disgraced and outlawed him, he exhorts them to rebel against it "be-

cause *the word of God* bears testimony against it;" and he proposes to them "to promulgate a new charter, by solemnly setting apart a day for bringing it forth, placed on the *divine law—the word of God*. *Shew your faith,*" he says, "*by your works,* that God may bless you. We claim brotherhood with every European *Christian*, and glory in the generosity of the sentiment!" Yet he who, at one time, called the Holy Scriptures *the word of God*, and quotes them, as an infallible guide, at another time, to use the words of Mr. Cobbett, "ridicules them as a *series of fictions*, contrived by artful priests to amuse, delude, and cheat mankind!" "Surely," says an American writer, "we cannot sufficiently reprobate the baseness of Paine in attacking Christianity. While *experiencing in prison the fruits of his visionary theories of government*, he undertakes to disturb the world by his *anti-religious* opinions. No language can describe the wickedness of the man who will attempt to subvert a religion which is a source of comfort and consolation to all its votaries, merely for the sake of eradicating all sense of religion!"

We may now look with interest at a picture

of his character which Mr. Cobbett once drew with accuracy and truth.—“ Every effort should be exerted to convince the world that all men of sense and worth agree in their abhorrence of the work and its malignant author. He has done all the mischief he can in the world, and whether his carcass be now suffered to rot in the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence. Whenever or wherever he breathes his last, he will excite neither sorrow nor compassion; no friendly hand will close his eyes, not a groan will be uttered, not a tear will be shed. Like Judas, he will be remembered by posterity; *men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous, by the single monosyllable—PAINE.*”

Mr. Cobbett has completed this faithful picture in the following

EPITAPH ON THOMAS PAINE.

“ When the wight who here lies beneath the cold earth,
First quitted the land that had given him birth,
He commenc'd the apostle of bloodshed and strife,
And practis'd the trade to the end of his life.
Sedition and nonsense and lies to dispense,
He took up the title of *Old Common Sense*;

Taught poor honest men how rich rogues to keep under,
Excited to pillage, and shar'd in the plunder;
But when there no longer was plunder to share,
His "common sense" led him to seek it elsewhere.
To his countrymen now he return'd back again,
The wronger of rights and the *righter of men*;
He told them they still were a nation of slaves,
That their king was a fool and his ministers knaves;
And the only sure way for the people to thrive
Was to leave neither one nor the other alive.
But Thomas, who never knew when he should stop,
Went a little too far, and was catch'd on the hop.
In short, 'twas determined that poor Tom should lose
His ears at a post, or his life in a noose.
"Old Common Sense" boggles, then skulks out of sight,
Then packs up his rags, and decamps in the night,
His arrival at Paris occasions a fête,
And he finds in the den of assassins a seat.
Here he murders and thieves, and makes laws for a season;
Is cram'd in a dungeon, and preaches up—'Reason';
Blasphemes the Almighty, lives in filth like a hog,
Is abandon'd in death, and *interr'd like a dog*.
"Tom Paine for the Devil is surely a match:
In Old England at hanging he cheated Jack Catch;
In France (the first time such a thing had been seen)
He cheated the watchful and sharp Guillotine;
And at last, to the sorrow of all the beholders,
He march'd out of life with his head on his shoulders."

This, then, my countrymen, is the grand
apostle of infidelity, and the leader of all the

radicals in the world. It is no disgrace to light to compare it with darkness, nor does it diminish the glory of an angel to contrast with him a demon. Let me, then, now contrast with this despicable wretch, the truly WORTHY AND PATRIOTIC DUKE OF KENT, who resided in Canada, in North America, about the same time—the PATRON of piety and order. Let me, also, contrast with this refuse of mankind THE ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER of his PEOPLE, the FRIEND of EUROPE and the WORLD, the strenuous DEFENDER of the CHRISTIAN FAITH, THE PATRIOT KING, the *great and good* GEORGE THE THIRD, whom Providence has lately called from admiring Britain to a world of peace and joy.

The worthy DUKE OF KENT was educated by his ROYAL FATHER in CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES. The seeds of VIRTUE sown in him expanded, as he grew up, into blossoms and fruit, resembling those which adorned the youth, the manhood, and the old age of our late VENERATED SOVEREIGN. He had rank and affluence. There was no need for him to practice hypocrisy to serve his interests; he loved religion for its own sake; he practised virtue from choice; he venerated the Bible,

because he was convinced it was the inspired word of God; he performed his duty as a SOLDIER, as a HUSBAND and a FATHER, and as a MEMBER OF SOCIETY, from a principle of regard to the divine authority, and from a benevolent wish to serve his country and his fellow-creatures.

To do his DUTY, not to push his *fame* or his *fortune*, seemed to be the governing principle of his life. After serving under General O'Harris, at Gibraltar, he went to the wilds of Canada, where he remained with his regiment six tedious years. The order and discipline which he established in his regiment proclaimed his attention to his duty and his contentment in that long exile from the more civilized world. The high respect in which his name is held, and the warmth with which his virtues are spoken of, to this day, by the Canadians, are strong testimonies how much he endeared himself amongst them. In truth, his justice, his firmness, his benevolence, his urbanity and condescension were celebrated throughout all that country, as far as New York, where his name was often mentioned with high delight.

During his residence as Governor of Halifax, he attracted the love and respect of the

whole country. The inhabitants unanimously voted him five hundred guineas, to purchase a diamond star, which they presented to him as a token of their high admiration and respect. They much admired his character and example. While resident there, he was known only by the title "Prince Edward," not having been raised to the Peerage till a little before he left America. PRINCE EDWARD was much admired for his personal dignity. It was said his manners were so elegant, and his address so pleasing, that every one who had the honour of being in his company, was highly gratified. His conversation was spoken of as peculiarly excellent, surpassing that of mankind in general; and he was listened to with the highest delight, as one of the most correct and powerful speakers in the country. His understanding was considered strong, his comprehension quick, and his memory so retentive, that he never forgot a face that he had once seen, or a circumstance that he ever heard which deserved remembrance. Having travelled much, he was possessed of general information on every subject. At that early age his habits were peculiarly regular and methodic. Summer and winter he always

rose before day-light ; immediately after which he took coffee, prepared over night ; and, attended by the hair-dresser of the regiment the first of any of the officers, he was always prepared to be in the field at an early hour. After dressing, he first settled the accounts of his household for the preceding day, and then exercised his regiment, if in the summer-season, for two or three hours. His table was elegantly and plentifully supplied, and enlivened with company three or four times a week ; but no excess was allowed. His own habits were most temperate ; he seldom took more than two glasses of wine at dinner, and never was known to drink to excess.

No less did he signalize himself in the *post of danger* than by his *virtues in retirement*. In the attack upon the French islands, under Sir Charles Grey, this princely Duke exposed his person to the most imminent peril, and to his courage and intrepidity it was owing that the victory was ours.

The important services thus rendered to his country gained him, upon his return to England, an appointment as GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTER. And here again we recognize the principle of ACTIVE VIRTUE exerting itself in

the discharge of his duty to his troops and to the inhabitants. Undismayed by evil and by good report, he used his authority for the restraint and expulsion of immorality and vice from the fortress. He introduced such a strict discipline among the soldiery, as prevented their improper resort to the *wine-houses*. These had been for a long time scenes of abominable profligacy in Gibraltar, in which the soldiers were too commonly guilty of intoxication and riot, to the great annoyance and terror of the peaceable inhabitants. The well-meant and benevolent attempts of the illustrious Prince were much opposed and misrepresented by the *wine and spirit* merchants, whose interest it was to keep up these excesses, and by the soldiers, who disliked to be abridged of them; but, undismayed by threats and insults, the illustrious Commander persevered till he had either lessened and restricted the practice, or closed the wine-houses. The industrious inhabitants, who felt the benefit of these regulations, in the peace and comfort now enjoyed in the fortress, hailed and celebrated him as their best benefactor. But what reward did the Princely Governor meet with? The tongue of slander and ca-

lumny had been moved against him too strongly and too successfully ; he was recalled from his post.

But though he thus lost military rank, and never took the command of a fort or an army again, he lost not an atom of his *active virtues* and his *deep rooted principles*. He employed those energies in peaceful life, both in public and private, for the good of his fellow-men and the whole world, which might have been confined to a barren, half-peopled rock in the ocean, wasted as a guardian of desolate wilds, or might have borne him to the mouth of a destructive battery. The hand of a gracious Providence over-ruled the whole for the great benefit of himself and the nation.

The principle of duty and benevolence led him to become the Patron, the President, or Vice-President of almost every Charity for which the British metropolis is celebrated throughout the world. That blessed Book which he studied, and which appeared to be the guide of his life, taught him to be a philanthropist without regard to name, sect, or party. He united with all Christians in countenancing and supporting and heading with his name, his purse, and his prayers, a Hospi-

tal, a Dispensary, an Asylum, a Penitentiary, a Society to send the Word of God unto all nations, in their own tongues, or Missionaries to preach that Word.

This active and patriotic Prince, of manly virtues so resembling those of our late venerated Sovereign, was ever ready, at the call, to give his presence and support to every plan of benevolence, every act of mercy and piety. On one day we see him laying the foundation of a church, on another of a hospital. One day he excites the pious plaudits of thousands, as a Patron of the Bible Society, to give that blessed Book to our naval or military heroes, or to send it to the farthest shores of the earth. At another he attracts the admiration of a Charity School, or an Orphan Establishment, by his presence.

His private acts of benevolence were very numerous, and to these, with his public charities, is greatly to be attributed that accumulation of debt by which he was oppressed; but for the discharge of which he has amply provided by life-insurances, which will now liquidate the whole. The writer of this may be here allowed to speak warmly, having received an especial favour from the Royal

Duke. The manner and the motive of his granting permission to dedicate a work to him were as gratifying as the favour itself.

In due time, this noble Prince, with the united wish and applause of the nation, chooses the Sister of our admired Prince Leopold, the distinguished husband of our beloved and never-to-be-forgotten Princess Charlotte, for his Royal Partner! And now we behold him a husband and a father. What affection and kindness reign in his domestic circle, and are reciprocally returned from the Partner of his life and his princely widowed Brother. Claremont and Kensington can bear witness to scenes of endearment, satisfaction, and happiness, which could flow from no other source but from minds rightly constituted, enlarged by knowledge, purified by religious principle, and stored with virtuous sentiments. Let the radical reformist, let the drunken blasphemer look at these pious and happy retreats, and, from the shades of the virtuous and princely dead, and from the bright example of the illustrious living inhabitants, let them learn to reform themselves, as the chief road to prosperity and peace; let them learn “to fear God with all their heart,

and to love their neighbour as themselves;" then will they "honour the King, love mercy, do justly, and walk humbly with God" and peaceably with their fellow-men.

But "the righteous are often taken away early from the evil to come," while the sinner, though "he come to multitude of years, and see many days,—yea, though he be an hundred years old shall perish."

The arch incendiary and blasphemer, Paine, was allowed to drag on a wretched existence to old age; but he had his portion, poor as it was, in this life. The pious and patriotic Prince, whom we have been contemplating, was cut down in his full strength, "his bones moistened with marrow," his stem vigorous in manhood, all his faculties in perfection, and his branches bending with matured virtues and buds of future promise. He was retired with his Royal Consort to Sidmouth, in Devonshire, to gain a milder atmosphere for the Partner of his bosom and their beloved offspring. But how soon may our brightest prospects be all beclouded! Here, while gratefully enjoying the comforts of domestic life and the blessings of a gracious Providence, and caressing the infant of so many

hopes, who might possibly become the future Heiress of the British Realms, he was seized with an inflammation on the lungs; but conceiving his indisposition not deserving of any serious attention, he unhappily neglected it, till remedies were of no avail, and he sunk to the grave like the sun going down at noon! amid the tears of an affectionate Family, and the blessings of thousands, who will ever cherish his memory, and connect every thing that is good, generous, princely, and patriotic, with the single monosyllable—**KENT.**

Behold the contrast! He died with humble resignation to the will of God, and with hope of his favour! “The righteous hath hope in his death!” His life evidenced the power of religious principle; it was a beautiful illustration of the Christian religion, of which he was a firm believer and strenuous supporter; it taught him that charity which suffereth long and is kind, that gentleness, and meekness, and goodness, which are its distinguishing features, that virtue, patience, temperance, and brotherly kindness, which are its garments of beauty. We may say of him and of his Royal Niece, the Consort of his illustrious brother Leopold, who,

in her noble, princely character and distinguishing virtues, so resembled him, and to whom he was particularly attached—"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." His death, so patient and resigned, mysterious as it was, well became a life distinguished by a long line of admirable virtues. When suddenly called to leave the world, to bid farewell to a beloved Princess, the partner of his life, and to close his eyes on his beloved infant, heart-rending as it was, we hear no murmurs, no exclamations of woe, no forebodings, as in the miserable end of the proud infidel. No, all is Christian composure, solemn reflection, pious submission to the will of the Supreme Being, accompanied with a humble resignation of his soul into the hands of his God and Saviour! Come, ye infidels, and see with what peace a Christian can die. Then look back upon the dying horrors of Voltaire, the agonies of Diderot and Condorcet, the execrations and outcries of Paine, and form your judgment. What is the best system for a dying hour? "The light of the righteous rejoiceth, but the lamp of the wicked is put out." "The wicked are driven away in their wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." "Let

me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But for the life that now is, Christianity and virtue are preferable to infidelity and vice. They ensure often a more prosperous life, and always a life more happy. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Godliness with contentment is great gain." It now makes our peace flow as a river, and that peace tends upwards, till it reach the fountain of all joy and felicity. Though sudden illness obstructed the current of the noble Prince's life, its course was direct to the ocean of blessedness, and thither he is, doubtless, wafted. While, therefore, we drop the tears of affection and pungent sorrow into his grave, and say, "Alas! the beauty of Israel is slain on the high places," we lift up our dewy eyes, in joyful hope, to that crown of glory which is, we trust, presented to him, and which Christ shall give to all them that love his appearing.

How more signally still does the contrast appear between the ROYAL FATHER and this *black Prince* of the *Radicals and Blasphemers*—those "giants in wickedness in our days." Here was a Monarch who came to the throne under the most prosperous circumstances,

with the love and admiration of the nation, surrounded with all the means of gratification which power and wealth could give him, and of sufficient discretion to make the choice of his principles and his conduct; and whatever he might do, the law of the land maintained "The King can do no wrong." But never was a declaration so truly applicable, in very deed, to our late departed virtuous and pious King. Two ages flowed away under his sceptre, during all which time he appeared the disinterested Father of his people, the bright example of virtue, the firm Defender of the Christian Faith, the advocate and maintainer of Christian practice, the assertor of the liberties of Europe and the world. The address of the Quakers to him, on his coronation, seemed prophetic—"May sacred and unerring Wisdom be thy guide, adorn thee with every virtue, and crown thee with every blessing, that future ages may commemorate the happiness of thy reign with grateful admiration."—What a contrast to the parricide Paine! His Majesty gloried to have been born and bred a Briton. He declared this in his first speech from the throne. A real friend to true and rational liberty, he

avowed that the civil and religious liberties of his loving subjects were equally dear to him with the most valuable prerogatives of his crown. And what did he conceive was best calculated to promote the rights of mankind? Was it to abolish the Sabbath, and discard the Bible, as Paine and his host of radicals would propose as the best expedient? No. He tells his Parliament in his first speech—"As the surest foundation of the civil and religious rights of my loving people, and the best means to draw down the Divine Favour on my reign, it is my fixed purpose to countenance and encourage the practice of true religion and virtue." His conduct was ever in uniformity with these professions. He maintained a full, free, and inviolable liberty of conscience; and he made the Judges independent of the crown.

Our late excellent Sovereign was a Christian, not only from early education, and as a native of England, but from conviction and choice. A pious Mother had anxiously instructed him, and wished his tutors to imbue his mind with religious sentiments, and to train him to virtuous habits. But his tutor, the Earl of Bute, was tinctured with objectionable principles, and one

of his tutors had been recommended by the infidel Lord Bolingbroke. But notwithstanding the attempts made by his governor, Lord Bute, to mislead his Royal Pupil, such was the vigour of the young King's mind and the correctness of his judgment, that he preferred the religion and laws of his country to all innovations and pretended improvements. As a good King, he guarded, with equal firmness, his own prerogatives as the Monarch—the Constitution in Church and State, and the proper rights of the people. “He would live on bread and water,” said Lord North, “to save the Constitution from injury: he would at any time suffer martyrdom for the laws of England.” And as King William would have perished on the last Dyke to save the independence of his native country, so our late excellent Sovereign would sooner have fertilized the soil of his native island with his blood, than have surrendered a particle of her rights, a foot of her empire, or an atom of her majesty.

Yet, with all this, such was his integrity, that soon after his accession, when, upon a dissolution of Parliament, it was proposed to make interest in order to obtain a return of ministerial members, his Majesty made this ever-

memorable reply—"No money shall be expended on elections. I will give no bribe, and use no interest: I will be tried by my country."

This beautiful trait of moral worth and independence, in his late Majesty, is well drawn in the following lines:—

"Tried by your Country, to your People's love,
Amiable Prince, so soon appeal!
Stay till the tender sentiments improve,
Ripening to gratitude and zeal.

"Years hence, ah! too, too soon, shall Britain see
The trial of thy virtue past.
Who could foretel that your first wish would be
What we believe will be your last."

With this firmness of principle, it is a peculiar testimony in favour of Christianity, that our late great and good King was equally distinguishable for his adherence to religion, and for zeal in its defence and establishment.

The piety of the King was a source of great encouragement to all the loyal and Christian subjects of the realm.

"How did every heart in every eye appear!
While rapture beam'd, affection dropp'd a tear."

Yet he bore his high qualities so meekly, that he attracted the admiration of all. The practical illustration he gave of his Christian principles crowned the whole. Every one knew his justice and mercy, and benevolence of character; his faithful discharge of every social duty, as a husband and father; his unwearied attention to his high functions of royalty as King of the British Isles; his active zeal for religion, and his cordial piety to God. Every one knew that, while infidelity was spreading a moral plague upon the Continent, and some of its sovereigns favoured its progress, that our good King was a firm, a consistent Christian. While a spirit of irreligion had gone forth, and the habits of carelessness and immorality had become too general in this Kingdom, the Sovereign set an example of moral dignity which commanded general respect. While from the nobleman to his tenant, and from the farm-house to the cottage of the poor man, family-devotion and family-piety had declined, England's firm, pious Monarch kept up the good old Christian practices of our ancestors, and walked in the good old paths of primitive piety and domestic virtue.

He rose early and with the rising of the sun,

at six o'clock attended prayers in his own chapel, and then, like David, the pious and beloved monarch of Judah, "returned" from the public services at the temple "to bless his house." There, in the midst of his family, he taught his subjects by example how to instruct their families, and "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

I fully believe, myself, that, under Providence, the firmness and piety of the King were the salvation of the country. He joined with his patriotic, sagacious Minister, the immortal Pitt, in suppressing infidelity, and in expelling the French infidels from our shores; and, by the prompt measures then adopted, Paine's works were suppressed, and himself outlawed.

And God so prospered the pious labours of the Monarch, for the peace and welfare of his people, who, as a father, cared for them as his children, watched over their prosperity, and encouraged their virtue, that though he took the crown in war, he laid it down in profound peace, a peace which, under his counsels, guided by the blessing of Almighty God, is established throughout the world! The reign of our great and pious Monarch has been eventful and glorious to Britain indeed!

It commenced over a population of *twenty millions* of subjects; it has terminated in a sway over *one hundred and twenty millions!!* with an extent in territory not much inferior to the whole expanse of Europe. What a blessing to England, to Europe, and the world, had Providence in store, when he prepared for the throne of Britain our late Sovereign! He gave the world this righteous King in mercy. And his purposes for the illumination and salvation of nations appear unfolding themselves in giving to a British King and British laws so large a portion of the earth.

When God is about to do some great good in the earth, he generally raises up the spirit of Princes to co-operate with him in his designs. God evidently raised up George the Third to stem the tide of profligacy, atheism, and anarchy, which would have over-run and overwhelmed this kingdom. He has raised up the good and great Alexander to co-operate with him, at the other extremity of the European Continent, in the godlike compact and endeavour to diffuse Christianity over the world, and to settle all its inhabitants under its peaceful sceptre, linked together in the bonds of Christian fellowship! O! come

that happy, glorious reformation, when the warriors of the earth shall all "beat their swords into ploughshares!" O! for a complete eradication of selfishness, vice, profaneness, and wickedness, and the implantation of every virtue that ennobles man, sweetens human society, and dignifies our condition! May the power of divine truth, proceeding from the sanctuary, and strengthened by the arm of law, and seconded by royal authority and example, go forth, till the world submit to its sceptre, and become willing proselytes to its cause! May the empire of righteousness and happiness extend, till it embrace the limits of the earth, and all the ends of the earth see the salvation of God, and enjoy a millenium of harmony and love. This is the reform we anticipate from the combined endeavours of righteous Kings and Queens, who shall still be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to the Church, and to every plan and effort of benevolence, of instruction, of relief, and consolation! To such a reform, such an amelioration of human sufferings, such a supply of human wants, to such a relief to human wretchedness, and such cordials of comfort to his people, George the Third, by precept, encourage-

ment, and example, greatly contributed. God also imparted, during a long Regency, his judgments and his righteousness to the King's Son. "He has judged the people with righteousness and the poor with judgment, so that the mountains have brought peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness." From a sense of the benefits experienced, for more than half a century, under our late beloved and pious Monarch, and those perpetuated by his present Majesty, who, for so long a season, was the able representative of his Royal Father's wisdom and firmness, and the faithful executor of his plans and wishes, let us say with cordial affection and sincerity, and with devout prayer—"God save the King," and may all orders resolve to "fear God and honour the King."

Compare all this prosperity and happiness with the reform that our modern pretended illuminators and hollow reformists would give us. Yes, they would reform us! How? Not by making improvements, first, in themselves, and then circulating that improved example among their followers, but by ruining themselves, the Church, and the State! They would form a government by rebellion, esta-

publish law by anarchy, and dispense justice by the hands of a vindictive rabble. From such reform may a gracious Providence still deliver us, and extend over us the banner of a protecting Sovereign and the ægis of unaltered laws, may strengthen the edifice of our unequalled Constitution, and settle it immovable upon the basis of a people's love. May He by whom Kings reign and Princes dispense justice be pleased to bless us, to the remotest times, with pious Sovereigns, by whose example and influence upon the populace a general disposition to peace and good-will, to morality and order, may be promoted through all ranks and classes of the community; and may Britons, perceiving, as by demonstration, the superior blessings of law and religion to revolution and impiety, thankfully receive the benefits of a good and beneficial government, under mild and benign princes, and continue, to the latest ages, to FEAR GOD AND HONOUR THE KING.



CHAPTER VI.

Returns to England—Arrives at Liverpool—Fetched to Warrington by a Clergyman, and sent Home—Dangerous Accident near Thame—Arrival at Chinnor—Reception by his Father—Settlement and Marriage.

I HAD now completely recovered from the effects of my shipwreck, with the loss of my limbs and fingers, instead of my life, and, cheered with a pressing invitation from my Father, I was now, also, desirous of returning to England. I determined, therefore, woeful as my plight was, once again to revisit my Country and

my Friends. Without loss of time, I contrived to get myself conveyed to Boston, where I went on board the *Minerva*.

The thoughts of Old England, "and the land of my fathers," rushed upon my mind, mixed with feelings of desire, shame, and regret.

" On the broad ocean, where the moonlight slept,
Thoughtful, I turn'd my waking eyes, and wept;
And whilst the thronging forms of mem'ry start,
Thus held communion with my lonely heart:—
' Land of my Fathers,' may I tread your shore,
Tho' mourned the shade of hours that are no more!
Whilst night-airs, like remember'd voices, sweep,
And murmur from the undulating deep,
Whate'er the struggles of this heart may be,
' Land of my Fathers,' it shall beat for thee!"

We had a pleasant voyage to Liverpool, in which nothing occurred particularly worthy of notice, except my own feelings respecting my sorry condition, of which I was ashamed, and my desire of seeing my friends, which nearly got the better of my distressing apprehensions.

I had arrived many days before I saw or heard of any one belonging to me; and I seemed to myself

" A homeless stranger in my native land."

The Captain had but a short time to remain, and he declared that, if no one came to meet me, he would not leave me on shore, but carry me back to America. There was, indeed a reason, for his own interest, why he should not leave me without the payment of my fare; for the Americans would have discharged the expence of my passage and return, had he conveyed me back, agreeable to their general custom with respect to all seamen who come into distress by shipwreck and suffering in their service. They would, also, have allowed me a pension, on my return to settle there. Just before the ship sailed, however, I was pleasingly gratified by the arrival of a friend. The fact was, as I found afterwards, that my Brother had come down to Liverpool the year before, and, in his way, stopped at Warrington, a market-town, twenty miles from Liverpool, to lay my case before a clergyman who resided there, whom he knew, as he was a native of a village not far from Chinnor; viz., the Rev. S. PIGGOTT, Minister of Latchford. He requested him to take the charge of me, when the ship should arrive. This friendly office he most readily engaged to undertake; but, through the delay of the

post, in consequence of my having to write to my Brother, upon my arrival at Liverpool, and of his writing back to Warrington, the information was not received by Mr. Piggott till some time after the ship had entered port. As soon as the information reached him, this Clergyman sent off to me a suit of clothes, and other necessaries ; and, soon after, Mr. Messenger, of Warrington, came over, commissioned by that Gentleman, and, by his kind interference and that of his friends, the Captain at length consented to my discharge, upon payment of all expences, which they immediately discharged. The next day they put me in the coach which brought me to Warrington. I shall not forget the kindness of Mr. Messenger, whose commiseration, benevolence, and attention, were so conspicuously shewn, in obtaining my discharge and bringing me to Warrington, and afterwards in forwarding me to London. He is now dead, but I hope every blessing may rest on his worthy widow, for all this kindness of her benevolent husband.

The Clergyman being apprised by Mr. Messenger of my arrival, lost no time in coming to meet me, soon after nine on the Sunday. He was as much surprised as I was mortified,

in beholding me stumping upon my knees; for he had sent me a suit of clothes, supposing that I might have lost the use of my limbs, but not at all conceiving that I was deprived of them. I thanked him for his kindness, and informed him, that as the stockings and shoes were of no use to me who had no legs, I had parted with them to help to purchase some suitable apparel. His church-duties requiring his departure, I promised to go down, in the course of the day, to Mersey Mills, near Warrington, where he then resided; but, reflecting, after his departure, on my sorry appearance and disabled condition, I was too ashamed to go. Some sailors, or rather flat-men, who accompany the boats in the River Mersey, of which there are a great many in the town, and some rather respectable in their circumstances, found me out, and they conveyed me through the town with much pride and glee, boasting of my adventures, and exhibiting me as an object of wonder, and a miracle of providential preservation. I found myself so happy at that time amongst these friendly sailors, and was so ashamed to enter the company of those who knew me, or my friends, that I believe I should never have

summoned up sufficient resolution to go down to Mersey Mills at all; but the Clergyman, hearing of my conduct, sent a child's gig for me at noon, and they put me in it, with a little gentle violence, and drew me down.

Arrived at the house, I was ready to creep behind the door, ashamed that Mrs. Piggott and her family should be spectators of my degraded and miserable condition. At length, when I entered the parlour, I felt so abashed and confused, that I wished myself back in America a hundred times; and, had I been left to myself, I should have stumped back to Warrington. She perceived my uneasiness, and soothed my agitated spirits; and, at length, inspired me with some encouragement, and remained at home to take care of me, instead of going to church. I much entreated her to allow me to go back to Warrington, promising to return; but my entreaties were useless, as she thought I should be in danger of being led astray.

She kept me in the parlour with her little family, talking to me respecting my past conduct, and encouraging me to bear up under my calamities, persuading me that I should meet with a welcome reception on my return home, and be cheered with the friendly com-

miseration of all my countrymen. I apprehended, however, so much mortification in returning home in so crippled a condition, and so much dreaded to meet the eyes of others, that I told her I only wished just to go to the top of Chinnor Hill, and see the village and my own friends, a hundred yards off, without being seen by them, and then I would gladly return to America to end my days, far from the sight of them all. By degrees, however, she soothed me into hope and resignation, and the instructive observations she made to me, respecting my past conduct, the providence of God in preserving me, and the obligations which I ought to feel to serve Him faithfully in my future life, made an impression on my mind which, I trust, will never be erased, and, I hope, will be remembered, to my benefit, throughout my remaining days, and dispose me to prepare for a better state of existence, in the eternal world to come.

That evening Mr. Piggott had me conveyed back again to Warrington in the same small gig, and he and Mr. Messenger represented my unfortunate and distressed case to Mr. Hughes, the master of the Nag's Head inn, in consequence of which he humanely

permitted me to go in the coach as an inside passenger for outside fare.

And now, snugly seated within the Heavy Liverpool Coach, I rode comfortably to Oxford. Here I hired a gig and horse, to take me to Chinnor; but in this ride I was, in a moment, exposed to that death which I had hitherto escaped through perils by sea and land. When arrived opposite to The Three Pigeons public-house, near Tetsworth Common, the horse stumbled, and precipitated the driver under his feet. I was providentially clinging to the gig, with my arms stretched behind me, or I must have fallen too; and, having no legs to assist me in such an accident, I most probably should have broken my neck! The driver, by his fall, received a terrible gash in his head; but, having bound it up with my handkerchief, we proceeded on to Thame. There, having applied some rum to the wound, and bound it up afresh, he was enabled to drive me on to Chinnor. And now I drew near my native village. With what thoughts I viewed Chinnor Hill and the chimneys of those houses where lived friends whom I wished, but dreaded, to see!

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome, as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

But this sweetness was mingled with bitter feelings of shame and repentance.

At length I arrived at the end of my journey. I alighted at the door of my aunt Little's; for I still felt a shame and reluctance to go to my Father's. She was overcome with joy and regret in beholding me. My Father soon came down to embrace his prodigal son, and welcome him home. He received me back, crippled as I was, with convulsive sobs of joy and grief. It was some time before he could utter any expression but "Ah! Thomas!" I had been absent from them eleven years. The mind may conceive, but words cannot express, what was felt by us all, upon my return home, after so long a time, and in such an altered state!

My Father, wishing to do all he could to comfort me under my calamity, gave me a share in his village-school, which he has kept for more than a quarter of a century, and presented me, also, with a little snug cottage.

Thus, having some prospect of a livelihood, after a short time, I married a young notable woman, to whom I became attached, with whom I sat down in thankful contentment. But my means, though sufficient for a single man, proved too contracted for a family, and I felt myself burthensome to my aged Father. My family, also, increased, by the birth of two children, which made me still more anxious to look out for more employment and a better provision.

My conduct, I must confess, at my first return, was improper ; it was negligent and disorderly. My old acquaintances were glad to see me, and hear my tale, and I was led to spend whole days in their company, and was too often drawn into excesses. Happily, I was brought to think more seriously, and regularly to attend church, or Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, at Chinnor, of which Mr. Paul has been for many years the worthy and useful minister, as well as of that at Thame, three miles distant.

Finding the school insufficient to support my Father, myself, and my increasing family, I determined again to look out for myself. I therefore took a journey to Amersham, where

I had been apprenticed, to apply for the mastership of the workhouse, which had become vacant; and the overseers, having lately parted with the master, finding that I could still handle the pen and keep accounts, and that I had considerable muscular strength and courage, were benevolently pleased to appoint me to the office, till they should meet with a person to undertake the expence and management of it. Here I have had for the last year many new duties and various kinds of characters to manage; but I have had sufficient muscular energy to subdue some refractory members six feet high, notwithstanding I had to grapple with them on my stumps, and have thrown them, by main force, into the lock-up-room to imprison them.

Here I should still have remained, as I have met with much kindness from the overseers, who have amply demonstrated their confidence in me, by entrusting me with large sums of money to expend for the poor; but at length, unfortunately for me, they resolved to get quit of the trouble of management, by letting out the workhouse *to farm*. I would have taken it myself, but my father was too timid to undertake the responsibility, by be-

coming my bondsman. In consequence, it was let last Michaelmas, in the year 1819, to Mr. Saunders, the late manager of the workhouse at Wycombe Marsh, and I am once more thrown upon the wide world for the support of myself and wife and two children. I shall be glad if this work should introduce me to an employer; and should the sale of it contribute to my assistance, I shall be thankful; and I am encouraged by the assurance of the Committee for managing the poor at Amer-sham that they will give me their recommendation to any other situation; and I hope, also, to be favoured with their patronage in the work which is now presented to them. I shall be particularly gratified, if my example and my punishment should warn the young apprentice to remain quiet at home, and to pursue the honest path of industry and morality, as the only sure road to respect and prosperity. I am persuaded, from my own experience, as well as from the late convulsions which have agitated the world since the spread of atheism and infidelity, that "the love and fear of the Supreme Being, the sacred observation of promises and oaths, reverence to magistrates, obedience to parents, gratitude

to benefactors, conjugal fidelity, and parental tenderness, are primary virtues, and the chief support of every commonwealth." Religion, we may rest assured, and the events of Europe amply prove it. Religion is "the pillar of loyalty, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions and secure to every one his rights—to the labourer the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to the nobles the preservation of their honours, and to princes the stability of their thrones.*

* Hall's Sermon.



CHAPTER VII.

Concluding Remarks—Good Wishes for Thomas—Suggestions to Parents and Masters—To young Persons—Exhortation to Contentment—Dissuasion from Despondence—A Lesson of Humility—Conclusion.

THOMAS having told his tale, the Reader may not be surprised to find the Compiler coming forward to close the narrative with a few reflections.

1. In the first place, then, I would express my cordial wishes for Thomas himself. May he become an instrument of serving and honouring that God whose gracious providence has preserved him, and brought him home to his country and friends! May he occasion-

ally reflect upon the almost incredible dangers from which he has been so wonderfully rescued, and upon the thoughtless and inconsiderate state of his mind and conduct at those periods; and how fearful his condition might have been had he been cut off in the midst of his carelessness and his transgressions! May he be perpetually thankful for the mercy which has spared him! May he use the means of working out his salvation, securing the Divine Favour, and of becoming more and more diligent to know the will of God respecting his duty, and to exercise repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ!

As Providence has at length planted him in a house and family of his own, may he, by the help of God, attend to every domestic and relative duty, and take care to bring up his children in the fear of God, in dutiful submission to their parents, and in thankful contentment with their lot and station.

2. In the next place I would take the liberty of addressing a few parting lessons to all who may peruse these pages, but especially to parents and guardians, and to the young, from the experience of Thomas Eus-

face, in the various events of his wandering life.

The history of Thomas Eustace and the present loose state of society, owing to the ravages of atheism and infidelity, loudly call upon those in authority to instruct and guard the rising generation. We have been accustomed to dread the army and the navy as receptacles for the outcasts of society, who delight in vulgar merriment, senseless riot, obscenity, and blasphemy; we have seen how these prevailed among those with whom Thomas was a comrade. We have noticed, however, that his conviction of sin, his fears of conscience, and apprehensions of a future world, were not silenced and removed by all the ridicule and contempt of his comrades; for education had deeply rooted in him a reverence for sacred things. But in the present eventful crisis the principles of infidelity are every where diffused; there is a wide-spreading defiance of religious restraints, a system of atheism and wickedness which would dethrone God and destroy man, which would leave us no Supreme Being to excite awe, and no social tie to awaken tenderness. The world is every where, in the present day, the

dwelling of scoffers, walking after their own lusts, who would allure, through the lusts of the flesh, the young and the unwary. At such a season as this, how strongly are we called upon to teach them the way wherein they should go, and furnish their minds with Christian principles! “ It becomes an urgent duty on parents and tutors to watch not only over the morals, but the principles, of those committed to their care; to make it appear that a care for their eternal welfare is their chief concern, and to imbue them early with that knowledge of the evidences of Christianity, and that profound reverence for the Holy Scriptures that, with the blessing of God, (which, with submission, they may then expect,) may keep them from this hour of temptation that has come upon all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth.*

Let parents and masters take care to restrain and rule well their children and dependants in time, lest they early break the yoke and burst the bond, as Eustace did. Let not young men strive to be unseasonably independent of their parents, let them never foolishly

* Robert Hall's Sermon on Infidelity.

avenge themselves, by vexing their friends, in running away, and going abroad ; for, by such wild schemes, they may be made to punish themselves the most, as Thomas has done. Those, also, who thus leave their parents, may see the day when they will be glad to share their pity, under the calamities caused by their own obstinacy and disobedience. Let young persons be content with their home, with their friends, and their country, lest in their wanderings abroad after something better and happier, they should meet with woeful disappointment, and become subject to loss of property, of health, of limbs, or of life.

But, after all, should young people not listen to the voice of admonition and experience, should they be carried away by novelty, and by their heedlessness and folly, into scenes which involve them in great difficulties and distresses, let them not abandon themselves to a sullen, hopeless despondence and shame, as Thomas was inclined to do, but return, like the Prodigal, and as Thomas also did, at length, to their offended friends, and seek their favour, and they may haply meet with as hearty a welcome as he received,

and be provided for to the utmost of their power.

Lastly.—Let us never forget that we are all, more or less, transgressors, and disobedient to our Heavenly Father and Righteous Governor; and, under the sense of this, may we all seek pardon from his mercy, through his Son, our adorable Saviour; and may we all be disposed to pity the infirmities of each other, and to forgive each other's offences. Thus may we hope to obtain mercy ourselves, at the last, for our various offences, from our Gracious Judge.

The following particulars may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader. Since I wrote the above, Thomas Eustace took a journey to visit me, to inquire after the Narrative, which, for a long time, he had been soliciting me to publish, and remained at my house till he could take a few copies of the work to sell to his friends. He informed me that he had left the workhouse, and had taken a lodging at Woodrow, within a mile and a half of Amersham; that he was at a loss for support at present, but he hoped that, through the be-

nevolence of the inhabitants, he should be enabled to set up a school, to teach plain reading, writing, and accounts; for Thomas, though so disabled, can still handle the pen and the *ferula*, and he still retains some remnants of arithmetical knowledge, after all the varied adventures he has met with in the different scenes through which he has passed in the four quarters of the globe. Thomas speaks with gratitude, in homely, but honest warmth, like a true British tar, of the kindness shewn him by the Ladies and Gentlemen at Amersham and in its vicinity, to whom he has told his tale. He begged me, if I had opportunity, particularly to record the benevolence of Mr. Drake, who has so generously patronised the work and assured him of his countenance; and, with high delight, told me of the sums contributed by that Gentleman to the poor of Amersham this winter. With triumphant pleasure he detailed the gracious and condescending attention which had been shewn him, by the Ladies and Gentlemen, in his little excursions to deliver the prospectus of the work. As for the present, his principal dependance for support is upon the sale of it, he is much cheered by the prospect of success in his tra-

vels, on his donkey, from village to village. He is sure that no one who beholds him will consider him an impostor, as the remarkable defects in his limbs will identify him to be the very man himself; and, indeed, no one that looks upon the frontispiece and the living original can, for one moment, doubt the similitude. With these observations I take my leave of the Reader, who will, I trust, unite with me in wishing success to Thomas in his perambulations; and that he may find Prior's picture, in his "Wandering Pilgrim," true in his own case:—

“ At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely, sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.
There is but one, and one alone,
Can set the Pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan--
O! *Buyer*, it is thee!”

THE END.

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